LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

J. Watts de Peyster:

LL. D.

Master of Arts, Columbia College, of New York, 1872.—Hon. Mem. Clarendon Hist. Soc., Edinburgh, Scotland; of the New Brunswick Hist. Soc., St. John, Canada; of the Hist. Soc. of Minnesota, Montana, New Jersey, &c.; Life Mem. Royal Hist. Soc. of Great Britain, London, Eng.; Mem. Maatschappij Nederlandsche, Letterkunde, Leyden, Holland, &c., &c.—Colonel N. Y. S. I., 1846, assigned for "*meritorious conduct*" to command of 23d Regimental District, M. F. S. N. Y., 1849, Brigadier General for "*important service*" [first appointment—in N.Y. State—to that rank, hitherto elective], 1851, M. F. S. N. Y.—Adjutant General, S. N. Y., 1855.—Brevet Major-General, S. N. Y., for "*meritorious services*," by "Special Act" or "Concurrent Resolution," N. Y. State Legislature, April, 1866 [first and only General officer receiving such an honor (the highest) from S. N. Y., and the only officer thus brevetted (Major-General) in the United States.]

AUTHOR OF

Reports—1st. On the Organizations of the National Guards and Municipal Military Institutions of Europe, and the Artillery and Arms best adapted to the State Service, 1852. (Reprinted by order of the N. Y. State Legislature, Senate Documents, No. 74, March 26, 1853.) 2d. Organizations of the English and Swiss Militia, the French, Swiss, and Prussian Fire Departments. Suggestions for the Organization of the N. Y. Militia, &c. 1853.

Life of (the Swedish Field Marshal) Leonard Torstenson (rewarded with three splendid Silver Medals, &c., by H. R. M. Oscar I., King of Sweden). 1855.—Thirty Years War, and Military Services of Field-Marshal Generalissimo Leonard Torstenson (Series), N. Y. Weekly Mail, 1873; A Hero of the XVII. Century (Torstenson).—The Volunteer, Weekly Mag., Vol. I., No. I., 1869.—The Career of the celebrated Condottiere Fra Moreale, Weekly Mail, 1873.—Frederic the Great. (Series.) Weekly Mail, 1873.—Eulogy of Torstenson, 4to., 1872.

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Appendix to the Dutch at the North Pole, &c. 1858.

Ho, for the North Pole! 1860.—"Littell's Living Age."—The Dutch Battle of the Baltic. 1858.

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Gems from Dutch History. (Series.) 1855.—A Tale of Leipsic, Peabody's Parlor Mag., 1832.

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Practical Strategy, as illustrated by the Life and Achievements of a Master of the Art, the Austrian Field-Marshal, Traun. 1863.—Personal and Military History of Major-General Philip Kearny, 512 pp., 8vo. 1869.—Secession in Switzerland and the United States compared; being the Annual Address, delivered 20th October, 1863, before the Vermont State Historical Society, in the Hall of Representatives, Capitol, Montpelier. 1864.

Incidents connected with the War in Italy. (Series.) 1859.

Mortality among Generals. (Series.) 1861.—The Battle of King's Mountain. (Series.) 1861-2, 1880. Oriskany, 1878—Monmouth, 1878—Rhode Island, 1878.

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Biographical Notices of the de Peyster Family, in connection with the Colonial History of New York. 1861.—Biographies of the Watts, de Peyster, Reade, and Leake Families, in connection with Trinity Churchyard. 1862.—Military (1776-1779) Transactions of Major, afterwards Colonel 8th or King's Foot, B. A., Arent Schuyler de Peyster and Narrative of the Maritime Discoveries of his namesake and nephew, Capt. Arent Schuyler de Peyster, N. Y., 1870.—Local Memorials relating to the de Peyster and Watts and affiliated families. 1881.—In Memoriam, Frederic de Peyster, Esq., LL.D., Prest. N. Y. Historical Society, St. Nicholas Society, St. Nicholas Club, &c., &c. 1882.

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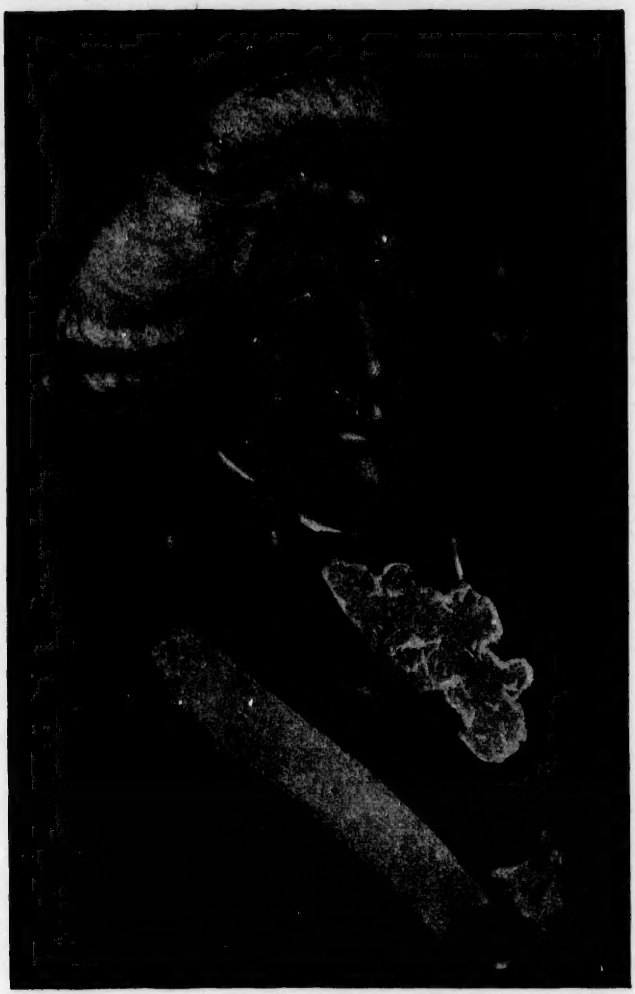

ARENT SCHUYLER DE PEYSTER.

Major and Lieut.-Colonel 8th or King's Regiment of Foot, 1777—1793.

Colonel in the British Army, 1793.

Colonel 1st Regiment Dumfries Volunteers, 1796.

MISCELLANIES.

BY AN OFFICER.

CAPTAIN SCHUYLER DE PEYSTER.

[Late in the W. Territory, British Possessions, Canada) of the 8th, or the Regiment of Foot, 23d November, 1768; Major, 6th May, 1782; Lieutenant-Colonel of same, 13th September, 1783; Retired in the British Army as of 20th November, 1783; Retired in the British Army, 12th October, 1795; Colonel 1st Regiment of Dumfries (Gentlemen) Volunteers 1796.]

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DUMFRIES:
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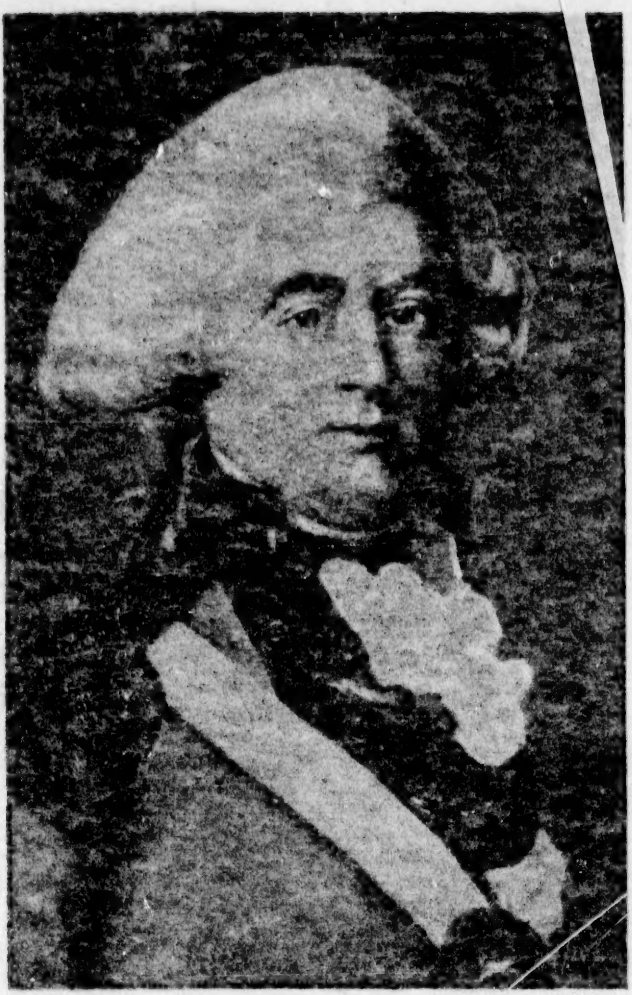
BY C. MUNRO.

1813.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Speech to the Lake Indians, which begins this little volume, was (from recollection, the day after it had been spoken) turned into metre at the request *d'une chere compagne de voyage*, for whose amusement in that remote part of the world, several songs, descriptive of the habits of the natives, were likewise composed.

In the Appendix, will be found an explanatory introduction to several letters, addresses, and councils, which were copied from the minutes left at the several posts, for the guidance of future commandants.—The intervening pieces, which have very little claim to poetry, were written on the impulse of the moment, with the view of diverting a few partial friends, and therefore should not have appeared in print (any more than a hundred other *petit jeux d'esprit*, whereof no copies have been retained), had it not been for the repeated solicitations of some of those friends, to whom they are now most respectfully presented, by

THE AUTHOR.

Dumfries, 30th Nov., 1812.

EDITOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

In presenting to the public this *partial* reproduction of a rare and, in some respects, a valuable book—*partial* because everything immediately personal and devoid of interest to the present and to the future has been omitted—too much gratitude cannot be expressed to the Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, President of the Connecticut Historical Society, who, some years since, loaned his volume of these "Miscellanies," in order to enable a manuscript copy to be made, from which to print, so that the original might not be injured, because it was not known, at the time, that more than two exemplars of the work were in the United States. The other was in hands, whose owner would not allow it to go out of his possession to enable the subscriber, a blood relation of the author, to produce a reprint. Thanks to Mr. Daniel S. Durrie, Librarian of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, the subscriber was placed upon the track of a third copy, and through the spontaneous kindness, unsolicited—a kindness not to be forgotten nor too much emphasized—of Mr. C. W. Butterfield, of Madison, Wisconsin, the subscriber was advised to address Mr. Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati, who, at once, generously placed his own copy at the disposition of the editor. To insure a perfectly correct typographical replicate, Mr. Robert Clarke sent on to New York his own copy, which he had obtained from the last residence of the original author, Dumfries, Scotland; and, judging from concurrent circumstances, from one of the family of Colonel de Peyster's wife, sole heir to his property—the Colonel having had no children. Mr. Robert Clarke had also purchased another copy which he gave to the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society of Cincinnati, but believes that the volume from which these pages were corrected was the one retained for his own use by the author, and exhibits corrections made by him.

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER,

"Rose Hill," Red-Hood Township, Duchess Co., N. Y.

SPEECH

TO THE

✻ WESTERN INDIANS. ✻

ARGUMENT.

ON the 4th day of May, 1874, the author of this little volume was sent from Quebec, up to the post of Michilimackinack to take the command thereof, with the painful task of superintending the Western tribes, or Lake Indians, consisting of Kickapoos, Pioreas, Piankishaws, Mascoutins, Outagamies, Wyandots, Saukies, Muskakies, Ouyachtenons, Kaskakeas, Michigamies, Minominees, Pattawatamies, Scioux, Ottowas, Chippwas, and others. Over all of whom he soon gained sufficient ascendancy to enable him to conclude a general peace, whereby the Indian fur-trade was greatly extended, as it enabled the traders to penetrate the hunting country in all directions.

On the 27th of June, 1776, the Indians, in the immediate neighborhood of Michilimackinack, received strings of wampum from the Nippisink Indians, through the medium of Monsieur Matavit, the priest at the Lake of the Two Mountains, to inform them that the enemy were in possession of Montreal, and therefore, required their assistance lest the English should be driven quite out of Canada; whereupon the chiefs applied to their father (as they called the commandant of the fort) for his

assistance and advice how to act in so critical a juncture:—when he told them to mind their hunting, until their interference should be required by the commander-in-chief, which only could authorize him to act. In a few days after this he received an express, accompanied with belts of wampum, and a speech from the Six Nations inviting the Michilimackinack Indians to assemble at Connesedaga village. When, on the commandant seeing that canoes arrived with passes signed by the American General Worster, and Doctor Benjamin Franklin, wherein was stipulated that those traders should not afford any succour whatever to his garrison, the Indians, to the number of 500 were hurried off, under the care of British and Canadian officers, with strict injunctions not to commit cruelty, or to take scalps even from the dead. The enemy having been driven away, the Indians came back to *winter* with their families, and in the spring following they were sent down to assist General Burgoine in his expedition across Lake Champlain; and on their return, were, on the 4th of July, 1779, assembled for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton's expedition against the American General, Clark, in the Illenois County,—upon which occasion the following speech was made to them, at the Indian village of Abercroche, previous to their embarking upon Lake Mitchigan, on their route to St. Joseph's (1.) Which speech (with a few documents) is now, as far as a few copies, allowed by the author to be printed at the importunity of some of his friends who wish to have some insight into the customs and manners of the Lake Indians, and the manner in which they were brought from the interest of the French and Americans, and attached to that of the British, by the author, who had resided among them, and had the controul of them, for the space of eleven years.

The ready and effectual assistance these Indians have given to General Brock, (2) evinces the permanent effect the advice given them so many years ago has had upon their minds.

---

1. From whence they returned much dissatisfied with the convention the Lieutenant Governor had made,—surrendering himself and little army to Clark, before they could reach them. 2. General Brock was a subaltern in the 8th or King's Regiment, when it was commanded by the author of this speech, and was a military *eleve* of his.

SPEECH TO THE WESTERN INDIANS.

Great Chiefs, convened at my desire
To kindle up this council fire;
Which, with ascending smoke, (1) shall burn
Till you from war (2) once more return,
To lay the axe in earth so deep,
That nothing shall disturb its sleep. (3)

Propitious see bright *Kesis* (4) shine
On every warlike son (5) of mine!
The Lake (6) is smooth, the roads are even,
What more is wanting under heaven.
To show each tribe, (*Fox, Wolf and Bear,*)
The *Monitou* (7) makes all his care.

While thus they smoke t' appear more wise,
And call for *milk* (8) to clear their eyes.
V'Escabas, (9) your chiefs disarm,
Lest they should do each other harm;
Lay by their hatchets, knives and spears,
And clear the dust (10) out of their ears,
That they may hear what I've to say;

---

1. When the war calumet or pipe is lit and handed round for every one to take a whiff, in case the smoke rises erect, it is a good omen—and so *vice versa*. 2. From Fort Chartres, under the care of the British officers, to assist Governor Hamilton, but before they could join him, he had surrendered by convention to the American General Clark, near the Islenois. 3. In time of peace the tomahawk is supposed to sleep in the earth. 4. The sun. 5. The commandant is called "father" by every friendly tribe. 6. Lake Michigan. 7. The great spirit. 8. New England rum which they call mother's milk and drink it to excess when it is dangerous to leave them armed. 9. Aid-de-camps, who disarm their chiefs. 10. When Indians will not listen to your talk they say, their ears are either filled with dust or clay.

Then close them up again with clay,
Or, drive all *bad birds* (1) far away

I know you have been told by Clark, (2)
His riflemen ne'er miss the mark;
In vain you hide behind a tree,
If they your finger's tip can see, —
The instant they have got their aim
Enrolls you on the list of lame.
But, then, my sons, this boaster's rifles,
To those I have in store, are trifles;
If you but make the tree your mark,
The ball will twirl beneath the bark,
Till it one-half the circle find,
Then out and kill the man behind. (3)

Clark says, with *Louis* in alliance,
He sets your father at defiance.
That he, too, hopes, ere long, to gain
Assistance from the King of Spain,
When he will come unto this place,
And put your *Nossa* (4) to disgrace—
Like Matchiquis, at foot-ball sport, (5)
With arms concealed, surprise his fort;
Compel him, sword in hand, to fall,
Or ship him off for Montreal;
When at the straits, sly *Maskeash* (6)
Will shoot each flying *Sageanash*. (7)
Suppose awhile his threats prove true,
My children! what becomes of you?
Your sons,—your daughters,—and your wives—
Must they be hacked with these big knives? (8)

1. The enemy's emissaries are so called. 2. An American General. 3. The Indians being a very credulous people, it becomes necessary to give the enemy a Roland for their Oliver. 4. Indian name for father, when speaking of the Commandant in Council. 5. Under pretence of playing, he kicked the ball over the fort picquets, rushed in with his band and accomplished his purpose. 6. The straits leading from Lake Sinclair to Lake Huron. 7. Indian name for an Englishman. 8. A name for their American enemies, particularly the Virginians.

Sure you have heard the aged tell,
How Ferdinand and Isabelle
Their empty coffers filled with gold?—
The story makes my blood run cold—
Their war-chiefs hunted down with hounds,
And covered o'er with ghastly wounds
All such as did not dare oppose
The first invasion of their foes?—
Then, will you like the Mexicans,
Await the *Kitchimokomans*; (1)
Or show yourselves more brave and wise,
Ere they are joined by such allies?
Clark, soon repulsed, will ne'er return,
While your war-fire (2) thus clear doth burn.
Exert yourselves, therefore, while you
Are favored by the *Manitou*,
Else smoke will cease to greet the skies,
Sad omens yield each sacrifice!—
In vain shall medicine kettles (3) boil,
They'll not repay the juggler's toil;
Each path would soon be covered o'er
With briars, stones, and human gore,
While troubled waters lash the shore.
Observe the wretched *Kickapoose*; (4)
What have they gained by Lenctot's (5) news?
The *Ottagams*, *Pioreas* and *Sacks*, (6)
Have scarce a blanket to their backs.
Old *Carminees*, *Weenippegoes*, (7)
Want fuzees, powder, ball and clothes,
And skulk in dens, lest old Langlade (8)
Should give their heads the batonade;

1. The Indian name for big-knives. 2. The war-fire burning clear is one of the good omens. 3. The jugglers boil up ingredients as a sacrifice, before the war-party sets out in hopes of a good omen. 4. A nation inhabiting the *Wabash* country. 5. A runagate Frenchman, who used to communicate every favorable event attending the enemy. 6. Three nations inhabiting the ground betwixt La Baye and the Mississippi. The Sacks are by some pronounced Saukies. 7. A sensible old chief, at the head of a refractory tribe. 8. A French officer, who had been instrumental in defeating General Braddock, gained over to the British cause by Colonel De P., which secured all the Western Indians in our [British] interest.

These suck their paws, like Northern bears,
Exposing nothing but their ears,
To hear if *Gautier de Verville* *
Doth crave assistance from *Lafeuille*
Or, if the *Chippawas* of the plains,
Draw near to *Wabashaa's* (1) domains,
While none on earth live more at ease,
Than *Carong's* (2) brave *Menomenies.*

Let *Nonocassee* (3) styled the *Beau,*
Still fear to meet the threatening foe;
With Petouiwiskam (4) and his squa,
Shove off his boat for Saguina.
To lay neglet lines and set salt snares, (5)
For cat-fish, (6) trout, and timorous hares:
To dry wild meat and *hull* their corn,
Which you will eat when you return.

Such men are fed for warriors' slaves,
Whose sons shall p--s upon their graves.
'Till not one painted (7) stake appear
To tell whose bones lay rotting there.
While o'er each war chief's sacred grave,
The British union flag shall wave:
And, on its staff, a row of nicks,
Or more descriptive hieroglyphics, (8)
Denote the feats performed by those
Who did not fear to meet their foes.

The French, my sons, are not your friends,
They only mean to serve their ends!
In this alliance lately made,
Their aim is our tobacco trade.

* Langlade's companion—they were both appointed captains. 1. The great *Sioux* chief. 2. A very clever fellow, chief of the nation of Minominies, the handsomest man among the Indians. 3. A perfect Thersites and a great fop. 4. The fop's father; an old fellow in league with the French and Virginians. 5. A thread, dipped in brine, is laid from the trap across their tracks, which they are so fond of licking, that it conducts them to their fate. 6. Cat-fish weigh from 10 to 90 and trout from 10 to 60 lbs. 7. In the manner of a head-stone. 8. Nicks or notches denote the number of times they have been to war and they often carved hieroglyphical characters thereon.

I heard *Gebau* (1) say, 'tis no sin
To sell each pound, one otter-skin.
This priest cares not how dear he sells,
To those he styles poor infidels;
Who can't afford to light a pipe,
Until the *Sackagoming's* (2) ripe;
*Sumack,** red wood,† and such stuff,
Too mild, unmixed, to smoke or snuff.

The French, I say, by this convention,
To all this country waive pretension!
See, here, I hold it in my hand,
While *Clark* would have you understand
He only seeks to mount this bench—
To counsel for his friends—the French;
Who're still in hopes, ere long, to check
The British arms,—to storm Quebec,
And seize the key of that great door,
Through which all merchandise must pour;
For, while Britannia rules the main,
No goods can come from France or Spain;
"Be sure this part you well explain." (3)
Shall France, then, send to spoil your lands,
And councils hold with empty hands?
No! Interest bids you all oppose
Those empty handed *Parlevous.*

To Detroit, Linctot bends his way;
I therefore turn you from the *Pey* (4)
To intercept the chevalier. (5)
At Fort St. Joseph's (6) and *O Post,* (7)
Go,—lay in ambush, for his host,

1. A profligate trading missionary, who had resided long amongst the Western Indians and made few converts. 2. The bark of the tree of that name, which with * and † the Indians scrape fine and mix with tobacco, or sometimes smoke it without mixing. 3. Spoken to Mr. Ainse the Indian interpreter. 4. A small fort on the Islenois river. 5. A nickname. 6. At the head of a river of that name where the Pottawatamies have a fort and a large settlement. 7. Post St. Vincent so called.

While I send round Lake Mitchigan,
To raise the warriors—to a man ;—
Who, on their way to get to you,
Shall take a peep at — at *Eschickagou*, (1)

Eghittawas (2) smiles at the notion
Of *Kissegouit*, brave *Neotochin*.
Swift Neogad, fierce Scherroschong,
And Glode, the son of Vieux Carong
Those runagates at Milwakie, (3)
Must now *per* force with you agree,
Sly Siggenaak and Naakewoin,
Must with Langlade their forces join ;
Or, he will send them *tout au diable*,
As he did Baptist *Point de Saible*. (4)

And now the convert *Miamies*,
Must join the *Pottawatamies* ;—
Who're all true Catholics in religion,
Yet, as Mohamet let his pigeon,
Let those who call our bad birds here,
Whisper rebellion in their ear.
No wonder, then, their list'ner's stray'd
From what they should have done or said !
Thus *Pettagouschac* (5) said he'd take
The French King's part, for conscience sake ;
And that,– because the priest Gebau
Cajoled him with a petted crow.

Pray, did not *Brieant* (6) Quebec's Bishop,
Absolving those who threw their fish up,
Make reverend priests stand centinel,
And for *Amen !* cry, *All is well !*
Eat pork in Lent, 'gainst popish laws,
To serve your English father's cause.

1. A river and fort at the head of Lake Mitchigan. 2. A staunch friend to the British Cause, gained over by the commandant [Col. de Peyster] of Michilimackinack. 3. A horrid set of refractory Indians 4. A handsome negro, (well educated and settled in Eschecagou, but much in the French interest. 5. The great chief of the Pottawatamies, who had a Romish Chapel built in his village. 6. The Bishop of Quebec espoused the British cause most heartily, when Quebec was besieged in 1763.

Should he then care, if fish or meat,
St. Joseph's tawny sons do eat;
Or if the Twiggtwees (1) chant the mass,
Brieant would prove himself an ass.
You say, the fiery Mascoutans (2)
Won't strike the *Kitchiemokomans!* (3)
No Mascoutin drinks from my barrel,
'Till he espouse his father's quarrel;
Nor shall he have an *asseyan*, (4)
Though he's exposed a naked man.

Say, have you wanted *milk* (5) to drink,
Since your old friends, the Nippisink, (6)
With belts and strings, (7) for aid did call,
To drive the foe from Montreal? (8)
When at the Lake of the Two Mountains;
You thought it was supplied by fountains;
Wherewith you got that night so *squiby*, (9)
That you were forced next day to lie by;
While Franklin, Worster and their friends,
Wrought hard that day to gain their ends;
Which done, they escaped o'er Lake Champlain,
While, sheltered from the wind (10) and rain
Canoes turned up and baggage under,
You lay retrenched with British plunder. *

Nay, call to mind the preparations
You made me make with your orations;

1. The Indians inhabiting the Wabash and the Missurie. 2. Mascoutin signifies fire—they were by the French called *Gens de feu*. 3. The Virginians. 4. The Indians wear no breeches, but what might properly be called small clothes—a small strip of blue cloth fixed to a belt, to answer the purpose of a "fig-bag." 5. New England rum, called mother's milk. 6. Indians inhabiting the borders of Lake Nippisink. 7. Accompanied with letters from M. Matavit and other priests, the Bishop's friends—the belts and strings are what the Indians hold talks upon; a kind of bead turned out of the heart and other hard parts of the clam shell.—The white are for peace; the blue, when wrought with a figure of the tomahawk thereon, signify war. 8. Dr. Franklin and General Worster. 9. Drunk. 10. The Indians never travel in rainy weather, but turn their canoes up, and shelter themselves and their baggage under.

* Here the whole council rose hastily, and seemed to menace the Colonel but soon sat down again.

Resolving, ere you went, that I
Would to each village have an eye;
And that by no means I'd retrench
What was allowed you by the French.
(When you went down, (1) on like occasion,
To aid *Vaudreul* 'gainst *Wolfe's* invasion,
Which with your tour to save Carillion, (2)
And Fort Du Quesne, cost France a million.

I still preserve your memorandum,
'T would strike Sir Guy (3) or Haldimand dumb;
Which, for good reasons, I think meet,
In this grand council to repeat!
Smoked red-deer skins, for warriors' shoes,—
Item—large birch-bark, north canoes, (4)
Masts, halliards, sails, flags, oars and paddles,
Broaches, medals, bridles, saddles,
Large rolls of bark, awls, watap, (5) gum,
Lines, spunges, pipes, tobacco, rum,
Guns, powder, shot, fire-steel and flint,
Salt pork and biscuit, without stint;
Rich arm bands, gorgets (6) and nose bobs,
Made of French Crowns and Spanish cobs; [chiefs,
Lac'd (6) coats, chintz (6) shirts, plum'd (6) hats for
And for your beaux, (6) silk handkerchiefs;
Paint, (7) mirrors, blankets, moultins, strouds,
To clothe the living and make shrouds

1. They were then in the French interest and commanded by Monsieur de Langlade, as they are now in the English interest, commanded by de Langlade and Gautierr, since Col. D. P. had gained them over. 2. Crown Point. 3. Commander-in-Chief, who had passed the Colonel's accounts and "thanked him for having been greatly the means of saving Canada." 4. North canoes are of a better workmanship and made very large in order to carry a great quantity of goods beyond the Lake Superior. 5. Pine Roots for sewing bark canoes. 6. Some of the young chiefs will wear a dozen silver gorgets* one below the other. The laced coat is made very large, of the best scarlet cloth, richly laced, which they put on over a flowered chintz shirt, open at the neck and wrists and round their waists, having no breeches on. Their hats are plumed around the rim; and the silk kerchiefs, hanging half out of the pocket, never used—All this costly dress is on days of ceremony only and easily thrown off. 7. The expenditure for vermilion is immense. [*Gen. de Peyster has witnessed this fashion and has a beautiful specimen.]

For those who might in battle fall,
Or die by rum, at Montreal.
You made me likewise, close the graves
Of war-chiefs, slain with Panis slaves ; (1)
Clothe each child, old men and women,
Give nets, hooks, lines, grease and mandamin ; (2)
Knives, scizzars, combs, hoes, hatchets, spears,
And kegs of *milk* to dry their tears,
At thy request, great Nissowaquet, (3)
I gave your young men *Sissobaquet*, (4)
Which on their journey they did brew, (5)
Into refreshing *eau-battu ;*
(Which kept thy sons too, Kitchienago, (6)
From fluxes and the ouzebenago, (7)
Which all are subject to, who drink
The water of Lake Nippisink.)
This gave them strength to work their way
To where Burgoine's lost army lay.
I saw each separate chief's provisions
Divided to prevent divisions
'Twixt the Ottawa and Chipp'wa nations,
Long used to filch each other's rations ;—
And now agree to the same thing,
If you, my sons, will serve the King ;
And take in hand the *bogomagen*, (8)
The work of Old Cawishagen,
(Great uncle to bold Matchiquis, (9)
Who never more will do amiss),
Curiously wrought with heads of beast,
True emblems of the warrior's feast.

See Jinquis-Tawanong * *strike the post*, (10)
Too old to fight, but not to boast

1. Prisoners taken by the Ottawas and Chippawas, from the Panis nation bordering the Mississippi. 2. Maise or Indian corn, which they plant by hoeing hills on the ground, wherein they plant five grains each. 3. The Ottawa chief. 4. Maple sugar, which they beat up in water. 5. And call it brewing. 6. The Chippawa chief of the Island Michilimackinack. 7. The ague. 8. The war club. 9. The same that surprised the fort [Michilimackinack, during the Pontiac War in 1763] in 1765 [Printer's error.] * Jinquis Tawanong was the old Ottawa speaker. 10. To strike the post, is to make a stroke against anything with the club before he relates his feats, and those of his ancestors, which are handed down from generation to generation.

"When I was young, and I could see,
"I trailed this up the Miamie,
"The Wabash and the Missouric.
"From these lank loins, have sprung two boys,
"Shall trail it through the Islenois,
"And make it rattle o'er the stones
"Where uninterred lay *Pondiac's* (1) bones.
"Whilst I at home the village guard,
"And *scuttawaba's* (2) my reward." (3)

Sage Quiouygoushkam (4) leads the band,
With Massisanguoin, hand in hand;
Deaf Schawanissie (5) close the rear,
Whose name the rebels love and fear:
King Nissowaquet wills it so,
Approved by stern Kenoctigo,
Fleet Yabe', and strong Windigo.

The smooth-tongued Benessw'abeme,
The smiling young Apeshabe,
Schenowishkawa, (6) whose lodge gives grace,
Amiable, with a lovely face,—
Half Indian, half Canadian race.
Tawakoney and Mitchekain,
Whose sires by Yankey rum were slain;
Neogema, Igomenon,
The bearded (7) Tecamessimon,
All Arbercrosh (8) and Kishkacon;
Ogocee, Oga and Jinguaak,
Shall trail the Chippawa tomahawk. (9)
These Kitchinago recommends
To be your father's faithful friends:

1. The great chief killed at Fort Charters, and dragged over the rocks upon the strand, tied to a horse's tail. 2. Rum, here called hot water. 3. A general shout. 4. The most subtile of all the chiefs. 5. An excellent man, who carried an American officer upon his back for many miles, after he had wounded him, and delivered him safe into the British Hospital. 6. A devoted prisoner may take sanctuary in his wigwam or hut. 7. A very unusual circumstance, as the Indians, by help of a wire in form of a screw, take out all hairs but what cover the crown of the head. 8. Two Indian villages. 9 Wrought in a war-belt, which those who carry it are said to trail.

While shouts proclaim the Sachems' choice,
To be my children's common voice.
And I this war-belt (1) have decreed,
To him who does the noblest deed,
Who strikes no blow but in the field,
And spares the lives of all that yield.

---

1. A large belt, called the war-belt of reward, consisting of 12,000 beads of wampum. Here the colonel took another opportunity of informing the chiefs that prisoners were fair game; but if any of their young warriors scalped even any of the dead during this war, they must never expect he would look upon them again.—Whereupon they gave a general shout of approbation.

INDIAN SPEECHES.

THE chiefs' answer to the foregoing speech was not recovered from the flames; but the following are the speeches, as nearly as can be recollected, of two chiefs on their return from St. Joseph's, previous to the author's embarkation to take the command of Fort Detroit:

JINGUIS TAWANONG speaks.

FATHER,—I rise to bid you farewell in the name of the Ottawa nation. I am, likewise, to speak for the many strangers assembled at this council-fire—our old men, our wives and children, have hired me to speak for them likewise. It is with *my* tongue they bid you farewell, but it is with their own eyes they will weep your loss. They will stand upon the lake side and strain their eyes until they can see your bark no more.

[Here the Escabias bring in a present of 150 bags of maise, or Indian corn, with some packs of skins and furs, etc.]

FATHER,—you must not look upon this trifling gift as a peace offering. It is a poor mark of our esteem and friendship for you. Every woman and child threw in a dish-full (1), that, in case you might still remain among us, it would help to feed your fowls and cattle. These robes (2) will clothe you and our mother from the chilling frost. These skins you will make into the shoes of our country-fashion—'tis all your bare headed children have to offer, except their tears.

QUIEOUIGOUSHKAM then speaks.

FATHER,—I rise to speak in behalf of the Ottawas and other nations present.

---

1. Wooden vessels holding about a quart. 2. Blankets of soft dressed buffalo, beaver, and martin skins.

Father, we cannot see you leave us in anger,—that you have some cause I shall not pretend to deny; but we hope you will, after some days of reflection, think us not altogether so much to blame as was at first reported of our conduct.

When we returned from St. Joseph's, who dared speak to you? You gave such killing looks, your eyes flashed fire.

No one has seen you smile since. The father w[illegible] used to meet *us*, his children, with open arms and with a smiling countenance has lately shunned us, or, if by accident any of us met him, gave us nothing but reproachful looks.

At our first council we dared not look up to him, but silently took a reprimand. When we left this fort we were like wounded deer,—we lay about on the sand and in the bushes, without speaking to each other for some days; after which, instead of doing wrong, we assembled, acknowledged the justness of your anger, and determined to take instruction from the past. Yes, father! we are pleased that you took the Frenchman's belts from us in full council and burnt them. And we hope you will do us the justice to say that no one, except *Mandamen*, murmured. It was not, however, his speech at St. Joseph's, that stoppe[illegible] us,—nor was it the loss of Daguaganee at Maskegong, by an accident, which would have stopped us upon any other occasion, as is the custom of Indians. We wish not for a French father, we rather have reason to wish for a continuation of the English father who supplies us with all our wants.

The reason of our returning was because the enemy did not advance, and finding the country quite exhausted of provisions, our old men began to file off, and our young men followed them. You, father, have since pointed out how we might have been supplied, but you are wise and we are fools. Belts are now sliding through all the Indian country for a general rendezvous in the Illenois country,—when, independent of your further assistance, we are determined to drive the Big Knives out of the Indian country, where they only spoil our lands.

Farewell, father! we lose you; but the vile Kitchikomokamans shall pay for it. They shall carry (1) water at this fort of *Mitchilimackinack*.

1. Become slaves to the English.

LAKE MITCHIGAN.

By the Indians called the "man devouring lake."

THE confluence between Lake Mitchigan and Lake Huron is six miles across; and when frozen over, which it does every winter, and continues near four feet thick until the beginning of May, the soldiers and Indians, at the half-way, make holes and let down lines 40 fathoms deep to catch trout, weighing from 20 to 60 lbs. each. To take a view of this manner of fishing, the author, with one serjeant, went, when the fishers had left it in order to dry their lines and nets, at which time a most dreadful storm from the north-west drove the waters of Lake Huron with such violence into the straits that the ice broke up; which, when the garrison of Mitchilimackinack perceived, the cannon were fired to give warning that the ice had separated from the shore When four Indian chiefs, who knew that the author, whom they called their father, was upon the lake, shoved off their bark canoe, or rather put it into the water, and sometimes carrying it across sheets of ice, and sometimes paddling through the water, succeeded in bringing him ashore. The following poem (if it may be called one) was written as descriptive of the event:

"Hope travels on, nor quits us when we die,"
Said Twick'nam's trueful bard, and so said I.
Long ere from this devouring lake,
With life escaped, and still awake,

To where dread Huron, raging, tore
The ice-bound straits, from shore to shore;
And sent me whirling, in a trice,
Upon a crumbling cake of ice,
T'were Indian friends, expert and brave,
Their lives exposed, my life to save,
While threatened with a watery grave.
Uniting courage with their skill,
I see their manly efforts still
To gain the cake whereon I stood,
(Swift drifting o'er the impetuous flood,
With woeful yearnings of the mind,
For one dear friend I'd left behind;)
Till round they veered her prow with pride,
And laid her quivering alongside;
Where, through the means of Heavenly grace,
The parting ice left water space,
Through which with force they plied the oar,
To where shouts echoed from the shore,
Thence bore me home, with hearts elate,
T'have saved me from impending fate;
And spurned reward, though sore oppressed
With hunger, cold, and want of rest.

AN IMPROMPTU REPRIMAND.

To one of the Indian Department, who, after being sent out to the Indian country, returned without executing his commission, to bring back a band of warriors which had unwittingly gone to war after the preliminaries of peace had arrived at Fort Detroit.

When o'er Sandusky's dreary plains you strove,
For where Ogocees' devious war-path lay—,
When Orotondy's (1) pigs rushed from the grove,
And the gaunt sow was kept by *Coon* at bay,

1. The village Sachem.

Was I unmindful of thy sad distress,
  When first the dreadful tidings reached mine ear?—
Could I do more than wish thou'dst staid to mess
  Upon the affrighted pigs that caused thy fear?
I thought, possessed of an undaunted mind, [stand,
  Thou'dst tracked the prowling carkajou (1) to her
There, forced thy way through bramble-brakes, to find
  If paint (2) she scented, from that war chief's band.

Had'st thou the blood-stained (3) *Allegany* crossed,
  And seen the *Ohio's* stream, meandering run;
Had'st crossed the *Lick* (4), where *Tchonquat* was lost,
  Where lost was Schawanissee's warlike son,
Thou had'st returned with credit to thy house,
  And I, in friendship, welcomed thy return;
Or wrote, in concert with thy wailing spouse,
  If thou had'st fallen, inscriptions for thy urn.

But, spite of *Coon* (5), the *Pipe*, the *Snake*, the *Brant*,
  And other dingey (6) warriors in thy train,
Thou dar'dst reproach me with unseemly rant,
  T'have sent thee out, in hopes t'have had thee slain.

Avaunt, thou smouse-like lilly-livered elf!
  That thou of swine, no more mayest be afraid,
I'll nail thy *lugs* to yon pig-stye myself,
  And there dry shave thee with thy rusty blade.

---

1. A very fierce kind of tiger cat.* 2. The war-chiefs rub vermillion over their heads, breasts, and blankets, which, with bears' grease, occasions a strong smell. 3. At Muskingum, where the Wiandots retaliated upon Colonel Crawford, for the 93 Christian neutral Indians the Virginians had killed in cool blood. 4. The Salt Lick, a deep creek running through the plains where the large bones of the mammoth are found, a genus of animals now extinct. 5. The names of war-chiefs by white fathers. Joseph Brant's Indian name is Thayandanege. 6. Wawayachtenon, Buckanghillis, Orawanachbuat, Wabakaen, Nessowagie, &c., &c., &c. * The Glutton.

JOURNAL OF PART OF A LADY'S TRAVEL IN NORTH AMERICA.

A DESCRIPTION of Evening, near General (1) Philip Schuyler's, at Saratoga, [now Schuylerville, Saratoga County, S. N. Y.] in North America.

Here, at the pleasant close of day,
  Just ere the sun withdraws his beams,
Phil's *slaves* return from making hay,
  His wagg'ners, tired, unyoke their teams.

His black-faced maids, with well scoured pails,
  Now run to milk each loaded cow,
While threshers cease to wield their flails,
  Well pleased they see the lessened mow.

Now partlet to her roost doth fly,
  High seated next to chanticleer,
Where o'er her brood, she keeps an eye,
  Lest the sly fox, or owl, draws near.

The wary shepherd pens his fold,
  Lest, far from home his lambs should stray
To where the ruthless wolf, so bold,
  Might seize upon his helpless prey.

1. He is nephew to the inestimable Mrs. Schuyler of Albany, and second cousin to the author. His possessions are very great—his grist mills and saw mills supplying most part of the province of New York; and sends timber and grain even to England and the West Indies.

Hark! how the *mock-bird* swells his throat,
  While hid within the vine-clad (1) thorn;
Where you may hear *this mimic's* note, (2)
  Soon as the cock proclaims the morn.

And now, the lorn spruce partridge beats
  His wings against a mouldering tree; *
Which, until answered, he repeats,
  To call his hen and progeny.

The *quack-qua-rie* (3) bird, perched on high,
  Proclaims aloud the sun's decline;
Why *tree-frogs* (4) in shrill notes do cry,
  And in deep tones, huge *bull-frogs* join.

Green caty-dids (5) now grate their wings,
  Brown locusts aid the noisy choir,
And his *one note*, the cricket sings,
  With hesitations—*tout le soir*.

While men in yon *birch-bark canoe*,
  Are drifting down the unruffled tide,
'T approach a stately cariboe, (6)
  Birch browsing near the river side.

Now gurgling down the shelvéd banks,
  I scarce can hear the neighboring rills;
Black lovers at their rural pranks,
  Or e'en the clack of *Schuyler's* mills.

Muskettoe-hawks (7), while feeding, fly
  Above my head, as thick as hops,
Surprising strangers with their cry,
  And drumming till they've filled their crops.

---

1. The vines, and rich clusters of grapes, cover many trees in the North American Woods. 2. Not to be distinguished from the crowing of the cock. [* This is styled "drumming," and can be heard at a great distance in the still woods. The editor has been directed, by the sound, to the game.] 3 The Indian name for *Whip-her-will*, or American Cuckoo, [commonly styled Whip-poor-will.] 4 Myriads of them lay in branches of high trees, and scream louder than a whipped child, and form a treble to the bull-frog. 5. A beautiful grass-green kind of locust, which swarm on the leaves of trees, and by grating their wings, make a loud noise, as if the whole atmosphere was keeping time. 6. A species [flat-antlered], of the American deer. 7. They pipe one shrill note, followed by a noise, resembling the hardest stroke that can be given upon the bass or long drum.

The fire-fly gives his light to all,
  Till in the east the morn is eyed!
She's up! and I my pen let fall,
  Lest some should think it *lunafied.* (1)

FROM SARATOGA TO THE ST. LAWRENCE, ON HER WAY TO QUEBEC.

"The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear."—ROWE.

She left Saratoga at dawn of the day,
  And passed bloody-pond without fear, (2)
(Where the troops of Vandreuil, with dread Indian allies,
Scalped hundreds of Britons, ta'en there by surprise),
  And dropped, as she passéd, a tear.

Encamped at Lake George, as the sun disappeared,
  The bull-frogs in thorough bass croaking,
Soon brought on a tenor from perched whip-her-will (3),
The screams of the wood-frogs (4), in trebles so shrill,
  And buzz of muskettoes provoking.

1. A word not to be found in Johnson, any more than fifty others made use of in this little volume; but know, gentle reader, that they are ultramarine. [Moon-struck, loony?] 2. The Indians who surprised the British, being in Canada. 3. Called quack-qua-rie by the Indians. 4. Their noise almost deafens.

On a wind-fallen tree, where I sat by her side,
  To guard my best treasure from harm,
She heard the screech-ow[1], from an old blasted oak,
Set up a dread cry, at the wood-pecker's stroke,
  Which caused in her some small alarm.

The elk's whistling pipe, too, distinctly she heard;
  And what every traveller's blood chills,—
The war-whoop of Indians, returning from war!
While the *lone* evening gun, discharged from afar,
  Re-echoed twelve times from the hills.

While all else was still, at the dead of night,
  A boat, in the moon's wake, she spied;
In time went the oars, to the stroke-man's boat-song,
When all joined in chorus, and pulled all so strong,
  She swift through the water did glide:

"Papillon vol, tiere, il vol,
Papillon vol, sur L'aviron." (1)
CHORUS—"Ho tirre galere au fond
Ho tiere galere." (2)

They landed, and dragged their batteau up the beach;
  A fire was soon made for the pot;
Each stuck up a forked stick, with bear's meet to roast,
And then pitched their tents on the musical coast,
  As if to sojourn on the spot.

The guide stove a keg, ready placed on its end,
  Before he sat down on his pack,
To take up his calumet; when, in a trice,
The *commis* cut every batteau-man a slice
  From a roll of his *bourgeois* (3) tobac.

---

1. These are two lines of a song set by the strokesman of the boat, to which every rower in turn composes as much. 2. A chorus the Canadian boatmen attach to most of their aquatic songs. 3. The bourgeois or merchant sends out his *commis* or clerk, with charge of his goods up the Indian country.

To them came the warriors, twelve in a canoe,
  Who eyed her ascaunt for awhile,
And but for the war-pole (1), 'twas pleasing to view
How they laughed, danced, and sung, as familiar they [grew,
  O'er a cup of dashed yankey (2) in style.

The war chief invited my help-mate to dance,
  To which she so kindly complied,
And stept so in tune to their hollow-tree drum,
The chief drank her health in a bumper of rum,
  While she by the fierce band was eyed.

This joyous scene changed to a dread thunder storm,
  The rocks, woods, and waves, seemed on fire;
The warriors appalled, did like aspen leaves shake,
Whose war chief, alone, could stand near the bright [lake,
  An emblem of Milton's hell-sire. (3)

Encamped the next morning, at Sabbath-day Point,
  Miss *Susan* was quickly embowered,
While her mistress sat musing upon the moss stones;
Sue brought her check-apron, crammed full of dried [bones,
  Of a man whom the wolves had devoured.

Still not disappointed, her little kettle she boiled,
  At the boatmens' already-made fire,
And put in the tea, when the water was hot,
As all travellers do, when they've fractured the pot,
  Who do such refreshments require.

While salt pork was boiling, to give the men heart,
  And the beds were preparing of heather,
The wolves a most hideous loud barking did make,
In chase of a buck, which soon took to the lake
  Where heedless all plunged in together.

---

1. Bearing the scalps tied and dangling thereon. 2. New England Rum, much dashed with water. 3. As Satan is depicted standing, in the frontispiece of an old edition of Paradise Lost.

He crossed, but the pack, with their brushes all wet,
  Ran shaking them, when we all fired ;
Thus peppered with buckshot, they dared not to stop,
Where they might have had each a salted pork chop,
  Of man's flesh, by wolves more admired.

She next passed the block-house for Tycandarogue,
  From whence the last evening gun fired,
And heard one from Crown-point, just at setting sun,
But a good day's work the boatman had done,
  They halted that night, being tired.

From Crown-point a sloop crossed Champlain the next night,
  And towed the batteau by a line ;
Becalmed for a while, we held fast by the trees,
Where gnats and vile sand-flies poor travellers do teaze,
  Or I could have wished the land mine.

Soon gad flies and bad flies, of every kind,
  Drew blood, as St. John's we approached;
Muskettoe-nets there, were of little avail,
For some would have pierced through a hogshead with ale,
  If ale had been blood to have broached.

The rapids, alarming, were shot to Shamblee;—
  "Push her off!—Hold her to!—Let her go!" (1)
The lady, undaunted, still held up her head,
While *Susan* lay down on her *face*, almost dead,
  And falling, drew with her a beau. (2)

Thus ends the first Canto of rapids and lakes,
  For twice she crossed Lakes George and Champlain;
Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, and Lake Huron, twice;
Saint Peter's, Saint Francis, and Lake Saint Clair, thrice;
  Which made no short, female's campaign.

1. It being so difficult, from the impetuosity of the current, to keep the boat from oversetting. 2 A gentleman who was little calculated for such a journey.

The danger she 'scaped on those fresh water seas, (1)
And from the salt Western Ocean,
I'll sing when my head is some night more at ease,
T'intrude now too much might my readers displease,—
My limbs too require locomotion.

TRAVELING IN A BATTEAU FROM QUEBEC TO MONTREAL ON HER WAY FROM QUEBEC TO MITCHILIMACKINACK, IN 1774

On the fourth day of May, she embarked at Quebec,
In an open batteau, in a squall,
When the snow, like goose-feathers, soon covered her neck,
Which served her instead of a shawl.

Had it rained, I had thought the tears of her friends
Showered down from the rock on the strand,
How dreadful that rock (when a whirlwind impends)
To travellers who there too must land.

Dear Woodfield, of thee she but got a faint sight,
Near the cove where Wolfe landed his men ;
Dread scene of regret! of which much I could write,
But leave it to some abler pen.

---

1. The waves run as high in these lakes as they do in the Atlantic.

Grand Chaudiere, your entrance though hid by the snow;
Your fall through the storm greets her ear;
Reminding her that she sat angling below,
While I probed the rocks with a spear.

Arrived at the *point of the tall Aspen trees*, (1)
Where two spires the church doth adorn,
The weather cleared up, and there scarce was a breeze
To fill the boat's sail the next morn.

Here the fairies might revel, well fed by the bees,
For this is sure fairyland all:
Though in June, the white blossom shook from the fruit trees,
Resembles a winter snow-fall.

Farewell, *Point au Tremble*, (2) best known by that name,
Reluctant we leave thee, sweet place;
And go from thee slower, by far, than we came,
Which too is the batteau-man's case.

For now they perceive the white breakers ahead,
Richelieu must be doubled ere night;
The channel be crossed too ere they go to bed,—
The moon seems to promise her light.

Cape-Rouge, Jaque-cartier, thy bridge Baptis-Champ,
Cape-Santes sweet village and spire,
Though not all discerned now by Cynthia's lamp,
We still have enough to admire.

Yon spired Indian village, poor wigwams of yore,
Its beauties I ne'er can describe;
Where the white porpoise drives shoals of herring ashore,
As food for the Algonkin tribe.

---

1. By the Canadians named *Le Point au Tremble*. 2. In French.

But returning themselves with the low ebbing tide,
They're artful, even in a toil,
By the shaking of osiers, drove to the shoal side,
There ground, and secured for their oil.

Where geese, ducks, and swans, soon alight in great flocks,
While the bald eagle soars o'er his prey,
And sea-gulls, like white-sheets, spread on the black rocks,
Are waiting for food on their way.

"Three rivers" she gained, where a twelvemonth before
She'd left many good friends behind,
Who fain would have stopped her for one twelve-months more,
No people on earth are more kind.

Saint Peter! thy lake she next crossed in a mist,
Masquenonger's rich stream near at hand,
Where the fish * of that name, the first on the list.
Of an epicure's mess-roll should stand.

Thy banks, river Sorel, she passed on her left,
So studded with house, barn, and spire,
That such as behold thee, of taste are bereft,
If they do not thy beauties admire.

See Montreal next, in appearance sublime,
Huzza, my brave lads! with a pull,
A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all in time,
To land ere the beach is quite full.

Lest she be detained by many a friend,
To name them she'd name half the town,
Now here her batteauing for some time must end;
Fatigued too, my pen I'll lay down.

[* Muscalonge or Muskinunge, the largest kind of Pike. Editor]

In travelling from Montreal the batteau crossed the Rapids to La Prairie, leaving the Lake of the Two Mountains to the right,—proceeding up the rapids of St. Lewis, and landed at the Convent of the Grey Sisters. Proceeded the next morning to the Cedars, where the Rapids run very strong, and where boats are often in danger of being lost in the Devil's Cauldron.

The Island of the Cedars being well inhabited, horses were procured both for the purpose of drawing the boats, and to convey such of the passengers (as did not choose to risk mounting in boats) in a sort of a chaise called a calesh. On leaving the head of the island, the boats were wrought again with setting poles, against a strong rapid, until they came to *L'ance-au-Perche* (after having first passed Lake St. Frances, and dined with Satzteratsie the great chief, by whom the lady was civilly treated, and entertained with all sorts of wild meat, wild fowl, and fish), a muddy bottom, in which the setting-poles were left standing until the boats should return, as they now proceeded by dint of rowing, the water being deep, until they landed at La Gallet, or Asweegatchie,* from which fort proceeded in a ship-of-war, the *Ontario*, passing through the Archipelago,** to Cataroque, and from thence across the Lake Ontario to Niagara. From Fort Niagara proceeded to the Landing, which is nine miles up the river, whence the ship was laid along side a wharf and the baggage and provisions put upon cradles, so contrived that by the force of a capstan the whole was drawn up a steep hill, and there put into large wagons drawn by six oxen and two horses each, for 14 miles, through the woods to Steadman's Landing, or carrying place, from whence the Lady returned to view the Falls of Niagara, where, laying on her breast, she drank of the water as it fell over the precipice.

From Steadman's proceeded in batteaus 70 miles up the river (from which the Falls are supplied) to Fort Erie at the entrance of the lake of that name, where she embarked in a sloop-of-war, named the Dunmore, and proceeded to Fort Detroit, a most beautiful settlement. From thence over Lakes Sinclair and Huron, to the destined post of Mitchilimackinack, where she remained six years,—thence returned to Detroit, where her husband commanded the garrison also, and afterwards in 1785 went to Niagara, where he commanded the whole upper district of Canada.

[* Now Oswegatchie in New York. ** The Thousand Islands. Editor.]

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POEMS AND SONGS.

YOUNG TAWA, (1)

THE LOYAL INDIAN LOVER.

Tune – "The yellow haired laddie."

In April, when icicles hung from the trees,
And Mitchigan's border continued to freeze,
A restless young Tawa a courting would go,
Borne up, on his snow-shoes, o'er tracks of deep snow.

Reclining he'd sit by a tapt maple tree,
When sugar was made by sweet Matchinoquee,
And play her such artless, such thrilling wild airs,
That Nassibb and Shoonin would dance like she-bears.

Young Tawa then sung, "Tho' young Shoonin be fair,
And Nassibbee apes the drawled step of the bear,
If Matchie, who's handsome, and sweetly can sing,
Would blow my reed whistle, t'would make the woods
ring."

1. A young Ottawa Indian.

But his sylvan beauty, though then in her prime,
Would shrink from a *yabe*, (1) as if 'twere a crime;
Though sighing, he told her, if she would agree
To love him, he'd love none but Matchinoquee.

"Bright *Kesis*," he prayed, then, to *warm* the young *squa*,
For he could not win her till her heart should thaw;
"O make the sap run through her veins, with that ease
You cause it to run from her tapt maple trees."

I'll hunt till I bring her an elk or a moose, (2)
In hopes that she'll bring me a *yabe papoos*, (3)
Who, when he gets strength, too, shall *twang* his stout bow,
And send his winged arrow, to wing Britain's foe.

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE.

On being informed of the murder of an old friend, Mr. J—— R——, of New Barbadoes Neck, in New Jersey, N. A. in the commencement of the American war.

Poor, unsuspecting, honest friend,
Full hard has been thy lot.
This story of thy tragic end,
Must wring the heart of Scott. (4)
E'en Levingston* may feel regret,
Though you loved kingly power,
And wish that you had never met
Thou friends, Laschere and Brower.

1. Yabe signifies a male. 2. A moose-deer. 3. A male child. 4. A friend and companion of his before their differing in opinion respecting American politics.

[William Livingston, Rebel governor of New Jersey after July 1776. Editor.]

ACROSTIC ON MISS C—— M——, OF QUEBEC.

Come listen to my artless strain,
Of one I sing, whose sprightly air
Recalls to mind Arcadia's plain;
Daphne herself was not so fair!
Enchantment dwells in all she says,
Love shoots his arrows from her eyes;
Incessant on her form we gaze,
And still behold her with surprise.

Make her, ye gods, your chiefest care;
Upon her bed shower down each bliss
Resigned I'll wait until this fair
Rewards me with a transient kiss.
Ah me! since absence won't effect a cure,
Ye fates, how long must I this pain endure?

ON A CAPRICIOUS WOMAN IN [VILLAGE OF] MITCHILIMACKINACK.

In this same village wones a dame, whose pride,
From long acquaintance, still increaseth more;
Oftimes I see her past my window glide,
Y'clad in costly raiment, to and fro,
Still aye she wears a dismal face of woe.
Her husband, too, poor man, has lost his wits,
Or how could he this bedlamite abide,
Who in a moment hence will sham strange fits,
And tear her gauze and lace all into tiney bits.

OMISSION.—[*Barbadoes Neck* is formed by the junction of the Hackensack and First Rivers, in Bergen Co., W. of Paulus Hook, and N. of Bergen Point, New Jersey.]

☞ In spite of all the pains taken by Editor, between his secretary and the publisher, a most stupid mistake appears in the last line of Page 32, which, instead of

"*Thou friends*, Laschere and Brower,"

should read,

"THOSE FIENDS, Laschere and Brower."

This lady has, I weet, a buxom maid.
  To kiss and tell,—be't far removed from me.
Fame says, she willom drove a smuggling trade
  With all who brought her the accustomed fee,
But now such naughty things can no more be;
Her mistress keeps a dog, old Argus hight,
  (Lest loosel should approach forbidden tree),
Who, like a well-trained mastiff, friends won't bite,
  But prowls in quest of letchers all the live long night.

Beneath her roof an Ethiopian dwells,
  A wretch that swinks, and moils from year to year;
O'er him this damsel kest her kitchen spells,—
  A sop in pan to Thomas, is good cheer;
Dried maise alone, his very blood would seer.
Him she so bribed to wink at their delight,
  That Tom his lady a quaint story tells,
How once through Congo, passed a man so white,
That all the jet-black natives took him for a spright.

Nathless, beware, ye wights, ye meet no stound,
  The lady sleeps not though she goes to bed;
With pistol (1) she may give more deadly wound,
  Than e'er Dan Cupid with his arrow sped,
And cool your love pardie with pills of lead.
Certes 'twere best to court this lady gay,
And gain the kitchen by the parlour round;
Then you may visit in broad face of day,
Ne fear that lead, ah me! will take your life away.

1. She used to keep a loaded pistol at her bed-side. [NOTE—These verses have been retained because they present so many words in common use a century since, which may now be considered altogether obsolete. 1st line, 1st verse, *wones*—dwells—veritable old Saxon, *woonan*. 1st line, 2d verse, *weet*—know;—3d line, *willom*—whilom—once;—5th line, *hight*—named;—2d line, 3d verse, *swinks and moils*—labors and drudges like a mule;—5th line, *seer*, sere, withered or dried up,—1st line, 4th verse, *stound*—misfortune;—5th line, *pardie*—verily;—8th line, *Ne*;—nor, not or nor, &c., &c.]

RED RIVER *

A song, descriptive of the diversion of carioling, or staying upon the Ice at the Post of Detroit, in North America.

Tune—The Banks of the Dee.

In winter, when rivers and lakes do cease flowing,
The Limnades (Lake Nymphs) to warm shelter all fled;
When ships are unrigged, and their boats do cease rowing,
'Tis then we drive up and down sweet River Red.
Freeze River Red, sweet serpentine river,
Where swift carioling (1) is dear to me ever;
While frost-bound, the *Dunmore*, the *Gage*, and *Endeavour*, (2)
Your ice bears me on to a *croupe en grillade*. (3)

Our bodies wrapped up in a robe lined with sable,
A mask o'er the face, and fur cap on the head,
We drive out to dinner—where there is no table,
No chairs we can sit on, or stools in their stead.
Freeze River Red, sweet serpentine river,
Where sweet carioling is dear to me ever;
To woods, where on bear skins, we sit down so clever,
While served by the *Marqui* (4) with *croupe en grillade*.

1 The cariole is generally drawn by a fast pacing horse. 2. Three ships of war upon the lakes. 3 A French name for a *barbacued* rump of venison. 4. The Marquis was the most obliging man living. He was a captain in the Indian department, and had all the French old-school in his manners. His name was La Motte, and he spoke a peculiar sort of English. †* Red or *Rouge* River rises on the lake—bejeweled County of Oakland, N. W. of Detroit, and flows into Clinton River, six miles above Mount Clemens,—County Seat of Macomb, Co.,—which latter empties into Lake St. Clair, twenty miles N. N. E. of Detroit.†

"*Une Verre de Madeir*," with his aspect so pleasing,
He serves to each lady (who takes it in turn)
And says, *Chere Madame, dis will keep you* from freezing,
Was warm you within where the fire it would burn.
Freeze River Red, sweet serpentine river,
For your carioling is dear to me ever;
Where served by the *Marquis* so polite and clever,
With smiles, and Madeir, and a *croupe en grillade.*

The goblet goes round, while sweet echo's repeating
The words which have passed through each fair lady's lips:
Wild deer (with projected long ears) leave off eating,
And bears sit attentive, erect on their hips.
Freeze River Red, sweet serpentine river,
Your fine wooded banks shall be dear to me ever,
Where echo repeats Madame's *Chancon* so clever,
Distinctly you hear it say *croupe-en-grillade.*

The fort gun proclaims when 'tis time for returning,
Our pacers all eager at home to be fed;
We leave all the fragments, and wood clove for burning,
For those who may next drive up sweet River Red.
Freeze River Red, sweet serpentine river,
On you, carioling, be dear to me ever,
Where wit and good humor were ne'er known to sever,
While drinking a glass to a *croupe en grillade.*

THE MAPLE SUGAR MAKERS. (1)

Tune – Jolly Beggars.

I'll sling my papoo's (2) cradle, said Kitchenegoe's Meg,
With kettle, bowl, and ladle, and scoutawaba (3) keg,
A sug'ring I will go, will go, will go, will go,
A sug'ring I will go.

Nasib and Charlotte *Farlie*, of whom the lads are fond,
Shall drag (4) their father early out to the twelve mile pond.
A sug'ring I will go, &c.

Come, Nebenaquoidoquoi, and join the jovial crew,
Sheeshib and Matchinoqui shall tap a tree with you,
A sug'ring I will go, &c.

Bright Kesis, deign to aid us, and make the sap to run,
Eninga, (5) who arrayed us, at least should have a turn,
A sug'ring I will go, &c.

In kettles we will boil it, on fires between the rocks,
And lest the snow should spoil it, there tramp it in mococks, (6)
A sug'ring I will go, &c.

---

1. This and the two following pieces were not found in time to insert them in their proper places, previous to leaving Mitchilmackinack, in the year 1779. 2 The Indian child, swaddled upon a flatboard, and carried upon the squa's back, by a band across the forehead, by which it is at night often hung on a tree. 3 Rum which they take with them to make sweet grog of the liquor when half boiled, to entertain their friends who may walk out to see them. 4. On a bark slay, he being lame. 5. The commandant's lady, who at this time of the year generally gives the neighboring squas each a chintz shift, and some vermillion, and other articles. 6. Boxes made of birch bark, sewed with the fibre of the spruce tree root, called *wataß*) holding from 30 to 50 pounds each.

Of all our occupations, sweet sug'ring is the best,
Then girls and their relations (1) can give their lovers rest,
A sug'ring I will go, &c.

But when the season's over, it will not be amiss,
That I should give my lover a sissobaquet kiss, (2)
A sug'ring we will go, &c.

WABASHAW.

After Col. D. P. had brought this, the proudest of the Indian tribes, over to espouse the English cause, and abandon the French, &c he made an annual visit, and stipulated, in his terms of alliance, that he should be saluted with more ceremony than chiefs of other nations, not in number of cannon, but by the cannon being charged with ball, or a shell or two thrown, so as to accustom his young warriors to the English manner; when he, on landing would return the compliment with pistols, fired near the commandant's ears. The Scioux, of whom he is king or chief, inhabit the plains above the fall of St. Anthony, on the Missourie, where the finest buffaloes are bred. Some Ottawas, Chippawas (local Indians), and some Chocktaws and Chickesaws, being on a mission at the Fort, the last day of his arrival, expressed their surprise, (when they beheld the balls and shells flying and bursting over the canoes, and the young men lifting their paddles, as if striking at the balls,) by the ejaculating word *Taya*—This was at Mitchilimacknack, on the 6th of July, 1779.

1 The relations of kept mistresses are very troublesome to the gentlemen who are so happy as to have an Indian miss in keeping; it is no less than keeping the whole family. 2. A sugar or sweet kiss. They [these Indian squa misses] are remarkable for white teeth and sweet breaths

Hail to the chief; who his buffalo's back straddles,
When in his own country, far, far from this fort;
Whose brave young canoe-men, *here* hold up their paddles,
In hopes that the whizzing balls may give them sport.
Hail to great Wabashaw!
Cannonier—fire away,
Hoist the fort-standard, and beat all the drums:
Ottawa and Chippawa,
Whoop! for great Wabashaw!
He comes—beat drums—the Scioux chief comes.

They now strain their nerves till the canoe runs bounding,
As swift as the Solen goose skims o'er the waves;
While on the lake's border, a guard is surrounding
A space, where to land the great Scioux so brave.
Hail to great Wabashaw!
Soldiers your triggers draw,
Guard—wave the colours, and give him the drum!
Chocktaw and Chickosaw,
Whoop for great Wabashaw!
Raise the port-cullis!—the King's friend is come.

A SONG.

Composed on board of the sloop Welcome, while she was getting under weigh to sail with the troops from Mitchilimackinack to Detroit, on the 20th of September, 1779.

Tune—"To all you ladies now at land."

Now to Mitchilimackinack,
We soldiers bid adieu,
And leave each squa a child on back,
Nay some are left with two.

When you return, my lads, take care
  Their boys don't take you by the hair,
With a war-whoop that shall rend the air,
  And use their scalping knives.

To see squas weeping on the strand,
  Indeed it is no joke;
Who does not wish a countermand,
  Must have a heart of oak.
There's buxom Moll, and Farlys three,
  And many other girls I see,
With a fal la la la la la la,
  Who thought themselves good wives.

With *Panies'*, (1) scalps hung at their ears,
  Young war-chiefs pay their court;
Aware that sighs and floods of tears,
  Must waft us from this port,
The Zephyrs and the Limnades (2) too,
  Incline young chiefs to favor you,
With fal la la la la la la.

If I had time now I could name,
  Of belles, at least a score;
Some that from lake Superior came,
  And some bred on this shore.
But see!—the anchor is a-peak,
  And I've no time more rhyme to seek,
Sing fal lal la la la la
  Fal la la la la la la.

---

1. *Panies* are a tribe of Indians upon whom the Ottawas and Chippawas continually make war. 2. Nymphs of the lakes.

ELEGY.

Once more the drums' sad muffled tones I hear,
  A crowd moves slowly o'er yon tented plain ;
Sad funeral rites of some brave youth, I fear,
  On Trentown's* bloody field, disastrous slain.

That drum (ere while) which made all hearts elate,
  When bravely you led on an arméd few,
Now beats a dirge to an untimely fate,
  My fears foreboding—Williamson (1)—'tis you.

My tears have flowed, alas! for many a friend,
  Since stern Bellona blew her trumpet shrill ;
On Brockland's† plains Creggaffee's (2) life did end,
  Ere healed the wounds received at Bunker's Hill.

There fell that veteran, brave Addison,
  His son there fell,—in death still near allied ;—
O'er them I wept ;—I wept when Davison,
  When Williams, Higgins, and young Vernon died. (3)

Nor did my good old friend neglected lay,
  Carden, who ne'er escaped without a wound,
Still foremost to Long-point‡ he led the way,
  Till what so long he braved, at length he found.

[*Trent-town, Trenton at the junction of the Deleware River and Assumpink Creek, N. J.] 1. Of the 52d Regiment. [† Brooklyn, Long Island, N. Y.] 2. Captain Nelson 52d Regiment. 3. All of the regiment killed at Bunker's Hill. [‡Throgg's Neck, which projects one or two miles into Long Island Sound? where skirmishes occurred previous to the Battle of White Plains, 28th October, 1776. There was a British, landing at Pell's Point: also Long Neck Point, near Stamford, Tryon Expedition 1777. See Notes, Editor's Supplement.]

Ere Richelieu's stream begins its rapid fall,
  And eddying back seems loth to leave Champlain, (1)
There sprightly Freeman, by a cannon-ball,
  Thy life was ended, happily without pain.

At Saratoga, youthful Corrie bled;
  Brave Troquhan, (2) murdered on Laprairie's road,
Thro' whom a fiend, by ———— thither sped,
  Deliberate shot th' unerring rifle's load.

Still thine, brave Gordon, a less rigid fate,
  Than that some ruffians to poor Phillips gave:
One deadly wound could not their rage abate,
  They flung him limbless in a mirey grave.

THE DRILL SERGEANT,

AT MITCHILIMACKINACK, 1775.

To the Tune of "The Happy Beggars."

Come, stand well to your order,
Make not the least false motion,
  Eyes to the right,
  Thumb, muzzle tight,
Lads, you have the true notion.

1. Lake Champlain. 3. Brigadier-General Gordon of Troquhan. [This was one of the cowardly murders which disgraced the American Revolution. Whitcomb, the skulking murderer, was viewed with disgust even by American officers of position, and, as in these days, escaped punishment and received advancement to avoid offense to a party. See manly notes of Gen. Horatio Rogers, pages 4 and 5, appended to his most valuable edition of "Lieut. Hadden's Journal." (Burgoyne Campaign,) 1884.]

Here and there,
Every where,
That the *King's* (1) boys may be found,
Fight and die,
Be the cry
Ere in battle to give ground.

Come briskly to the shoulder,
And mind when you make ready,
No *quid* must slide
From side to side,
To make your heads unsteady,
Here and there,
Every where,
That the King's boys may be found,
Fight and die,
Be the cry,
Ere in battle to give ground.

(*The 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th stanzas were lost.*)

We beat them at the Cedars,*
With those we call our light men;
Who that same day,
Heard *Yankeys* say,
They never saw such tight men;
Here and there,
Every where,
That the King's boys may be found:
Fight and die,
Be the cry,
Ere in battle to give ground.

1. The 8th, or King's Regiment of foot, commanded by the author there, at the post of Mitchilimackinack. [*Americans defeated 18th May, 1776, Editor].

AN EPITAPH.

On Mrs. De Peyster's favorite parrot, spoken extempore, by supposing he had been killed by a kick from his master against his cage, on receiving a most treacherous bite while caressing him.

There lies poor poll, (1) ah me! a breathless corse;
  How silent now,—when closed his ebon bill!
Ungoverned passion;—oh! the sad remorse,
  Thave thus deprived the soldiers of a drill.

In him, ye heroes, you your fate behold,
  Though you with kicking ne'er were known to die;
Still, mute your tongue, your blood I ween as cold,
  When on the carnaged field you breathless lie.

Pet Dapper (2) now will rake himself to death,
  Or like his murdered grand-sire (2) heedless roam;
For poll, poor poll, alas! has slipt that breath,
  Which used to whistle the poor wanderer home.

O, hardened monster, ruthless to destroy
  Ought so loquacious, militant, and bold;
For one small bite, to damp a lady's joy,
  Herself, good soul, too meek to bite or scold.

Grenadiers, battalion, light-bobs, (3) and all,
  Revenge your feathered comrade over come;
No more he'll bid you *quick march*, or call
  The sergeant-major, or th' orderly drum.

1 This extraordinary bird was caught at Plymouth Dock, whilst flying over the parade, in the year 1787, by Lieutenant Brock, now General [Sir Isaac] Brock, [who captured Hull at Detroit, 15th August, 1812, and was himself killed at Queenstown Heights by the Americans, 13th October, 1812.—Editor,] at the expense of a severe bite in his finger, and presented to Mrs. De Peyster. [When caught he had nearly bit off poor Brock's finger]. 2. A beautiful spaniel, son to the dog which was hunted and worried out of an upper barrack window. 3. The light infantry.

Ah! who shall henceforth *fire* the grenadiers?
  And who shall welcome in each friendly guest?
At this sad sight all bathe their eyes in tears,
  And shun me (fell destroyer) as the pest.

The corporal (1) now between reliefs may sleep
  (Whose presence here no more the bird will crave)
On *arms reversed*, although no soldiers weep!
  No muffled drum *slow march* them to the grave.

Still *Fergusson* and *Bidd*, (2) to grief alive
  For their lost friend shall give the Irish howl;
In Newfoundlandish notes shall *Towzer* (3) strive,
  While from yon ivied tower, loud screams the owl.

The bird of wisdom owned him as a friend,
  And Pallas dubbed him adjutant (4) to Mars;
Jove, from above, a listening ear would lend
  To all he said, relating to the wars.

But hark! the biting Ethiope is not dead!
  Let that shrill note, my dear, your grief assuage;
In cream, you still shall steep your fav'rite's bread,
  And I will bear it, trembling, to his cage.

1. Frequently called by the bird to turn out the guard, as the sergeant major was called by him; likewise the drummers to beat off, &c. 2. Two faithful servants. 3. A Newfoundland dog, with whom the parrot was so very intimate, that he would go and lay between his fore-paws, and pretend to sleep there, and at times court and kiss him; all which the dog bore with patience, but did not much like it. 4. He could drill a squad better than many of our modern adjutants, being master of a good voice, and of every word of command, which he gave with proper emphasis. But having already said so much of him here and elsewhere, [many verses omitted] by recollection the author must here conclude. Indeed, were he to repeat all that in the original manuscript was said, though *real* facts, it would not be, by strangers, believed.

PLYMOUTH* DOCK YARD IN AN UPROAR;

Wrote in 1779, when most of his Majesty's ships had costly carved heads, appropriate to the names they bore.

Would Calliope,—heroic muse,
  Forego her verse sublime ;
And to a votarist not refuse
  Her aid in doggrel rhyme—
I'd sing the knight (1) who, in a mist,
  Encountered hundreds with his fist.
When Bacchus so ordained his pate,
Should thump against the dock-yard gate,
And wake the sentry on his post,
Of which he had no cause to boast.
Pat rung the bell, and fired the gun,
T'alarm each sleeping dock-yard son ;
Who soon were ready at his call :
The ship-wrights mustered one and all ;
The Mulcibers, disdaining spears,
Sledge-armed, led on as pioneers !
Carvers and gilders closed the rear,
With all who'd ta'en on board their beer,
Who, drunk or sober, knew no fear.
Now lest Sir Lancet blood should spill,
Fame blew her tell-tale trump so shrill,
That it was heard in every port,
When carved head-ships of war resort.

1. The hero was an officer in the dock-yard an excellent young man. [*Col. A. S de P. commanded the Garrison at Plymouth, England in 1787, &c. Editor].

The *Royal Sovereign* and the *Glory*,
Could not resist thy troops *Laforey!* (1)
Their limbs lay in the carver's shop,
From whence their heads they dared not pop;
Lest, of carved legs, mistaking pairs,
They'd break each other's neck down stairs.

Thalistris, too, brave *Amazon*,
Who served old *Palpy* (2) as a *cone*, (3)
Lay, gunwale deep, a water lock.
Andromeda, chained to a rock,
Called on winged *Persius* to protect her,
Though not a biscuit's throw from *Hector*;
But he sought other feats to brag on,
Than to protect her from the *Dragon*,
So did the *Powerful* quit his prow,
And march with him to quell the row
Ere it should get to such a pass,
As to require the ships *en mass*.
Thisiphone and *Megæra*,
Lay near the ships ta'en from Langara*:
The *Phœnix* then, but now the *Gib*, (4)
Dry-docked to splice each shattered rib,
Which Rodney broke, when his *Game Cock*
Crowed,—while the *Phœnix* felt the shock;
At wh'ch broadside he tore her flags,
Spain's '*ne plus ultra*,' all to rags;
And sent a *Royal Mid* on board,
To whom *Don Juan* gave his sword;
For now his ship was such a wreck,
There scarce was footing on her deck.

Ere *Fame* blew her's, bluff *Triton's* horn,
The ships moored up Hamoaze* did warm;
When *Hercules* siezed on his club,

1. The Commissioner. 2. The master-builder. 3. A sunken ship, to keep off the force of the sea from the new dock, then excavating out of the rock. 4. The Gibraltar.

Resolved the culprit's hide to drub;
And said, that he'd the battle win,
Or cede to him his lion skin.

The bloody moon lowered in the west,
When *Vulcan*, limping home to rest,
Met *Mars*, (just torn from *Venus'* arms),
For whom war, doubtless too, had charms:
So bid his limping godship follow,
With five armed muses, and *Apollo*:
Urania, *Thalia*, *Terpsichore*,
Clio, *Melpomene*,—all but four.

Bellona knit her awful brow,
And then to aid them made a vow:
Which *Pallas* heard, and couched her lance,
She used against the ships of France,
When Russel drove their ships on shore,
And burnt their *Royal Sun* of yore.

Orion bent his bow so strong,
He near had snapt a twofold thong;
When *Samson* who'd destroyed a temple,
Observed, the knight might beat cord-hemp well
Enough to spin a cord to hang him,
So begged that *Samson* would not bang him.

Goliath, now reanimated,
Found death his strength had not abated:
Wherefore, his sword he brandishéd,
As if he'd lop off Lancet's head;
Cyclops, *Dreadnought*, and *Colossus*,
Cried we'll bang him who dares to cross us;
The *Barfleur*, *Bellisle*, *Blake* and *Brave*,
Said, in the fight, their share they'd have.
Bellerophon, *Warspite*, *Prince*, *Centaur*,
Alfred, *Alsade*, *Boyne*, *Malabar*,
And *Agamemnon* were for war.
Valiant, *Conqueror*, *Queen*, and *Crown*,

Resolved to bring his spirit down.
Musquito, *Hornet*, *Wasp*, and *Snake*,
Sought but to sting the drunken rake.
Pincher, *Pelter*, *Piercer*, *Plumper*,
Sought but to give the knight a thumper.
Bull-dog, *Boxer*, *Bruiser*, *Blazer*
Desired no other than fair play, sir!
The *Termagant*, so loud gave tongue,
She drowned the notes the *Syren* sung
At *Jove's* behest,—to warn the *Ocean*,
To put his briny troops in motion.
The *Leviathan*, *Haddock*, *Herring*,
All on the combatants kept staring;
Nor could the *Baracouta* shark,
Get near enough to leave his mark;
Though *Neptune* left his conch-shell car,
And, with his trident, 'gan to war;
Penelope stabb'd with her needle,
But found therewith she did succeed ill.
The *Busy*, *Beagle*, *Brisk*, and *Bold*,
Ran in to take a grappled hold.
The *Dauntless*, *Driad*, *Driver*, *Drake*,
All strove a grappled hold to take.
The *Daring*, *Dasher*, *Druid*, *Dart*,
Resolved to take their watchmen's part;
And many more which I could name,
But leave them to thy log-book, *Fame*.
Stout *Atlas* came, and would have hurled,
Upon the culprit's head—the world;
But fearing, held the pond'rous ball,
Lest it should crush his friends withal.

Britannia frowned,—good reason why,
She, with her friend and true ally
The *Victory*, could not get nigh
For want of water.—*Fly* and *Ant*
Could not bear the knight should vaunt
T'have beat the guard of all their stores.

But hark! the *British Lion* roars!
The *Tyger* and the *Leopard* squalled,
Like two huge cats that catterwauled.
The *Eagle* o'er his prey ceased soaring,
Soon as he heard the *Lion* roaring;
And winged his way to stay Jove's thunder,
Prepared the combatants to sunder.
Great *Tamerlane*—brave *Asiatic*—
Head of the *Ganges*—or *Carnatic*—
Though distant, to express his rage,
Held *Bajazet* up in a cage,
As signal to instruct the guard,
To coop him who disturbed the yard.
The *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Alexander*,
And many a bold-carved-head commander,
Strove all their might the foe to quell,
But strove in vain;—O shame to tell!
Though *Scipio* and *Hannibal*,
Both joined to quell the dire cabal.

Though Thalia now dread war you wage,
Thee I invoke!—suspend thy rage,
And help me to some comic rhymes,
Adapted to the scene and times!
Of massive weapons I have sung,
And now would sing the keen-edged tongue,
Which soon the battle must decide,
Unless the knight is petrified,
Or banged, as hard as brawn, his hide.

Amongst the group famed carvers carve,
There still must be one in reserve:
Whose nimble tongue, unused to yield,
May drive the culprit off the field.

Thou *Spit-fire*,—like a true poissard,
Revile him, who reviles the guard,
In language worse than Billingsgate,

Where oyster-wenches Jews do rate,
For simply saying, that the smell
Of shell fish, sends a Jew—to hell.
Or when a nymph, on Portsmouth point,
Feels her red nose put out of joint;
Or on famed Plymouth's Barbican,
A smuggler's trull rates her good man;
Or Dublin, where in Barrack street,
All sober men, bad treatment meet;
As when the *fair* b—m'd Anna Lee,
Turned up, and cried "K— that" to me.

Though thus she rated him, —vile flirt,
With language foul as scaving'd dirt,
The knight undaunted kept his ground,
And fought with spunk through every round.
In science, so excelled Mendoza,
That had Dulcinea Del-Toboza,
There been the prize, and he the knight,
He'd not have made a better fight.

Juno, looked on, and so did *Thetis!*
When *Proserpine*, who judge of heat is;
Declared the knight had fought so well,
That she would pit him soon in hell;
And there, lest he, too, quick should cool,
She'd wash him in Tartarus's pool.

Quoth *Thetis*,—I should think that he
Would rather plunge into the sea,
And stroll through coral groves with me;
Where I will wipe him with my hair,
Until his skin is sweet and fair.

Quoth *Juno*,—ladies I'd advise,
That he had best ascend the skies,
In a balloon, while with her squirt,
Iris, shall cleanse his skin from dirt.

Quoth *Venus*,—dirt is all a farce,
The knight who loves, and fights like *Mars*;
And now while stript, whose skin and bone, is
So like to my lost love *Adonis*—
I should presume, great queens, between us,
Should be the paramour of *Venus*.

Quoth Moll M'Kerg,—la! how odd this is!
That four stately rival goddesses,
Should differ 'bout a *Jack-an-apes*,
Who's always getting into scrapes.
Yet, since this bout he shows such mettle,
I'll souce him him in Tar-boiler's kettle;
Then shake him in a bag of feathers,
'Till like a goose he'll stand all weathers;
But blest *Minerva*, with her shield,
Now screened the knight, lest he should yield;
And fair *Aurora*, showed her face,
To light him (from such sad disgrace),
Who, sobered was, by dint of blows,
And quit the precincts of Hamoaze.*

---

* Pronounced Hamoze long o; See page 47* 2d line, Text, from bottom. Plymouth Harbor is double and that half, at the mouth of the Tamar, opposite Devonport, is styled the *Hamoaze*.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT.

A Song, composed while at the Ball.

Tune—"Derry Down."

I sing of St. Patrick, that hero of old,
In the legend, the foremost of saints he's enrolled,
Blest patron of Ireland, so greatly revered,
In honor of whom this great feast is prepared.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

But who shall his wonderful actions translate,
Now Sternhold O'Hopkins (1) and Brady O'Tate,
Those two Irish bards that put David in metre,
Are keeping St. Patrick, to-night, with St. Peter.
Derry down, &c.

St. George slew a dragon, and great was the deed,
But Patrick caused millions of reptiles to bleed;
Converted the Irish, without sword or gun,
By th' help of a shamrock, now all this was done.
Derry down, &c.

That fearless of venom, each farmer may work,
And set his potatoes, where reptiles did lurk,
There clasp round the waist, a potatoe-fed lass,
And lay her, as Sheelah was laid, on the grass.
Derry down, &c.

Potatoes, best wall-fruit, esteemed by all those
Who ne'er turn their backs on their friends or their foes;
They sweeten sour milk, and give strength to the nation,
And string like a poddreen-of-beads,* on occasion.
Derry down, &c.

1. Paddy is sometimes apt to put the cart before the horse. [*A Rosary (Irish), Ed.]

If e'er the *Sans Culottes* should land on this coast,
Each Paddy would run, like the saint, to his post,
In defence of his *childer*, pig, whiskey, and Sheelah,
And drive the vile reptiles all off with shelela.*
Derry down, &c.

So fill up a bumper to Ireland's protector,
Whose whisky is like what the gods do call nectar,
Whose *wall-fruit* (1) may with their ambrosia compare,
Whose sons are all brave, and whose daughters are fair.
Derry down, &c.

MONDAY EVENING, THE 21st DAY OF OCTOBER, 1798.

Brave Warren, hard to put in metre,
Art thou descended frae Sir Peter?
Than wha's, nae sailor's name sounds sweeter,
In ancient story;
Thou recent Gallic line defeater,
Near the Isle of Tory. †

Le Hoche you captured in a trice, sir!
Sae brawly ye did cut and slice her;
Ye sent her rapes to knot and splice, sir!
Snug in Loch Swilly;
For her ye'se get an unco price,
Bra fighting billie.

What ither ships ye may hae taken,
I winna sing, lest I'm mistaken;
Nor sing o' ilk that saved her bacon
By cowardice, sir;
To-morrow's Gazette thir will reckon,
Which tells nae lies, sir.

---

1. Wall-fruit—Potatoes, often so-called by the Irish, by way of recommending them to their guests, in fun. [* Shilalah, oak or blackthorn cudgel or stick, Editor.] [† Or Torry off the N. W. Coast of the County of Donegal, Ireland, N. E. of Bloody Foreland, where Sir John Borlase Warren, whipped the French, 12th Oct., 1798, Editor.]

TUESDAY EVENING, THE 22nd OF OCTOBER.

Yes, yes, 'tis here in the Gazette,
Now a' their schemes are overset;
How will the five fell tyrant's (*) fret,
And curse their fate?
While's Warren, what can pay our debt,
To thee so great.

E'en should the king create thee Baron
Of Tory, or the Isle of Arran,
For sending Jacobins to Charon,
Like drowned rats;
Who'd rather crossed the Seine or Garonne,—
Poor democrats.

Wad naething less your triumph fix,
Than famed Le Hoche, and a' her chicks,
Baith forty-fours and thirty-six,
A' at ae swoop!
Foreby o' souls that crossed the Styx,
A dreadfu' groupe.

To win' my news up wi' a moral;—
The brave and good shall wear the laurel,
While's Gallia's sons, a' rue and sorrel,
Depressed in spirit,
Hear sea nymphs, decked in pearl and coral,
Loud chaunt thy merit.

ADVICE TO OUR MODERN AMAZONS.

While thus in regimentals clad,
You personate a yoeman;
Would you not think their leader mad,
Should he affect a woman?

* The five Directors constituting the French Government [overthrown by Bonaparte, 9th Nov., 1800, by what is known as the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, Editor.]

Should his lieutenant flirt a fan,
His cornet knit a stocking;
You'd doubtless think that, to a man,
Our yoemanry were mocking.

Fair *Sans Culottes*, let me advise,
Throw by your boots and switches:
With female charms attract men's eyes,
Ere you can wear the breeches.
Cease, cease to ape those martial men,
Designed for your protectors,
Till Hymen light his torch, and then
You may raise troops of Hectors.

SONG.

The Sea Horse [36 g] and La Sybelle [36 g].

The famed Bonaparte set out from Toulon,
With a fleet and an army, by light of the moon,
To visit Grand-Cairo,—and set Egypt free,
And pass o'er to England,—round by the Red Sea.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

He looked into Malta, as if 'twere by chance,
And thought it would suit the republic of France,
Of which the Grand Master, he soon did convince,
By giving his promise—to make him a prince.
Derry down, &c.

The fast-sailing *Sybelle* he choose from the fleet,
To lay Malta's plunder, at five despots' feet,
But as towards Toulon she ran on her course,
She met with an odd-fish, we call the *Sea Horse*.
Derry down, &c.

[* General Sir Edward Cust, in his "Annals of the Wars," 1, 5, 155, says it was the "*Sensible*," 36 guns, but as Col. deP. commanded at Plymouth, he ought to have known, and, if so, the printers have misspelled the name which should be *La Sibylle* or *La Cybele*. Editor.]

Who gave her a broadside, while she crowded sail,
In hopes that to reach a French fort, she'd not fail;
But she was soon boarded by brave Captain Cook,
Who soon had her captured,—down in his log-book.
Derry down, &c.

EXTEMPORE SPEECH.

Taken from the Author's thanks to his Volunteer Corps for their magnificent present of a valuable piece of plate.

I'LL SAY FOR THE LADY—

She feels it more within her breast,
Than words can e'er impart!—
Then let the proud sensation rest,
Lock'd in a grateful heart.

A SONG, COMPOSED THE 1st DAY OF JANUARY, 1799.

Tune—"Come, let us prepare."

A happy New Year,
To all that would hear,
Instead of a vaunting oration,
A volunteer song,
To prove that we're strong,
In defence of the King and the nation.

In story we're told,
How Britons are bold,
In which we had late confirmation;
When off Camperdown
Brave Duncan bore down,
On the foes of the King and the nation.

Our strong wooden walls,
All studded with balls,
Sails torn by the wind on each station,

Still block up Monsieur,
The Don,—and Mynheer,
In support of the King and the nation.

In the Indies we find,
Our forces combined,
Give Democrats utter vexation;
And on this fair coast,
Should they land a host,
Huzza! for the King and the Nation.

When the Bourgeois, in France,
Their cash do advance,
On a loan of most fell desperation:
What man can withhold,
His arm or his gold,
From supporting the King and the nation?

Already see Quill, (1)
S' expert at the drill,
You'd think it his sole occupation;
Now in a good cause,
A bayonet he draws,
In support of the King and the nation.

While Fop, Crop, and Slop, (2)
Prime, load, and pop, pop,
Fair half-booted Amazons gaze on;
And long to unite,
With lads who can fight,
In support of the King and the nation.

Square, Snip, Felt, and Vamp (3)
Will hie to the camp,
The instant they hear of invasion;
Each red spencered lass,
Will join in the mass,
In support of the King and the nation.

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1. The attorney and writer. [The latter, a title of a member of a certain class of Scotch Lawyers.—Editor.] 2. The beau, the hair-dresser, and the apothecary. 3. The joiner, the tailor, the hatter, and shoemaker.

Although Pitt and Fox,
Still spar like two cocks,
On ev'ry financing occasion ;
Should e'er the French land,
United they'd stand,
In defence of the King and the nation.

We've volunteered all,
The palace and stall,
Pot-cellar and bard's elevation ;
Would all take delight,
To fight the good fight,
In support of the King and the nation.

With long live the King,
The welkin shall ring,
From subjects of every persuasion ;
Each sword and each purse,
Though war is a curse,
We'll draw for the King and the nation.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

One lowly stone—no cloud cap't urns,
The Muses droop,—e'en Thalia spurns,
Her comic mask, to weep o'er Burns,
In mournful strains,
Who from this bourne no more returns,
To cheer our plains.

Here, unincumbered, let him lie,
Free from yon towering pageantry,
Which, when it met the poet's eye,
He did despise!
Should pride ask me the reason why?
The bard was wise.

While mouldering in this Old Kirk-yard,
Where worldly prospects all are marr'd
The lark shall, from thy daisied sward,
Rise high in song;
As thou oft didst, sweet rustic bard,
Though sometimes wrong.

The little mouse, and wounded hare,
Too, sung by thee, sweet bard of Air,
Shall, sympathizing, here repair,
Still loath to part
From one who showed, for their welfare,
A feeling heart.

A SONG.

Tune—"Push about the Jorum"

Brave Nelson is the man for me,
  In Britain's cause so hearty,
That day and night he ploughed the sea.
  In quest of Bonaparte.
North and east, and south and west,
  He cruised, in hopes to find him ;
When I supposed that horrid pest,
  The Syroc wind did blind him.
    Fal lal, fal lal, la.

At length, we found the Gallic line,
  Moored in Aboukir Bay, sir ;
Sunk one, burnt three, and captured nine,
  And four ships ran away, sir.
The ship which bore their Admiral's flag,
  Of an enormous size, sir,
Blew up, and left the French to brag,
  She was not made a prize, sir.
    Fal lal, &c.

From where Fame rais'd brave Westcott's urn,
  On Alexandria's strand, sir ;
No Frenchman ever shall return,
  Without a helping hand, sir.
There, while their chiefs at fortune rail,
  Britannia still shall smile, sir ;
On George our King,—and Nelson hail,
  Lord Baron of the Nile, sir.
    Fal lal, &c.

Fresh laurels bind his wounded brow,
  As once they did his arm, sir ;
So lest a laurelled trunk he grow,
  And we exposed to harm, sir :

Let's pray to God!—that he'll protect
This guardian of our isle, sir;
And still his future steps direct,
To make Brittannia smile, sir.
Fal lal, &c.

EPIGRAM.

Vienna's wits their brains may rack,
In writing pasquinades on Mac,*
T' excite the mob to stone him,
While here a nobler flame has caught
Macnab, Macnish, Macneil, Macnaught,
Who one and all disown him.

Macwhir, Mackune, Maclish, Maclure,
The name of Mac can scarce endure,
When they reflect upon it;
For 'till that day at Ulm no Mac,
Who met the French, e'er turned his back,
Or meanly doff'd his bonnet.

Throughout the globe now every Mac,
Who bears a coronet,—or pack,
Or pinch of snish about him;
Mackay, Mackie, Mackeg, Mackan,
All Macs, e'en *Mickmacks* † to a man,
Indignant sure must flout him.

[* Mack, who suffered himself to be so disgracefully outgeneraled and ignominously captured by Napoleon in 1805, Editor.] [† A tribe of North American Indians at one time under the charge of Col. deP? Editor.]

THE INVASION.

Tune—"Derry Down."

Fame says that the French will invade with an host,
As great as when Xerxes the Hellespont crossed;
With fascines, and wool-packs, they'll bridge the way over—
The salt ditch that lies betwixt Calais and Dover.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

And, lest the bridge fail, they are building of rafts,
And, dreadful to look at, are sinking deep shafts;
In point of invading, since all can't agree,—
Some mean to pass over,—some under the sea.
Derry down, &c.

Ye ladies, so fond of fresh eggs in the shell,
Be sure, when you've eat them, to crumble them well;
Lest the witches, in egg-shells, sail over to France,
To pilot the fleet of this "Man of Romance." (1)
Derry down, &c.

Ye old-maids, and house-maids, ye milk-maids, and grooms,
Whene'er you get new ones,—pray burn your old brooms;
Lest Hecate should play you a trick unaware,
And bring o'er the Poissards, astride through the air.
Derry down, &c.

The scheme of importing large nut-shells (2) from Spain,
To old navigators, must doubtless prove vain;
Large nut-shells might do for such troops as Queen Mab's,
The true sons of Poissards prefer shells of crabs.
Derry down, &c.

1. See Talleyrand's compliment to Bonaparte in the Senate, where he terms him a "Man of Romance." 2. Taken from a newspaper account of their threats.

In whatever transports they mean to come on,
Supported by Mynheer, the Diel, * or the Don;
We'll tip them a Duncan, a Jarvis, or Howe,
And Frederick, † with laurels (1) shall cover his brow.

EPIGRAM

Upon the Affair at Ulm.

When Napoleon took old Mack,
He'd rule the world—all in a crack,
Now he has ships in plenty,
He little dreamt, that making war
'Gainst Nelson, off Cape Trafalgar,
Villeneuve lost him twenty.

Soon as the tyrant heard the news,
He cursed the ships, and damned the crews,
And asked if Gantheaume knew it?
If not, O Berthier! write from me,
To bid him put his fleet to sea,
And make Cornwallis rue it.

But fearing, still, some worse disaster,
Shrewd Berthier, briefly told his master,
How he conceived it best—
That as the French were "the great nation," (2)
To let Cornwallis keep his station,
And Gantheaume his,—in Brest.

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1. In case any part of them should land. [* The Devil.—Editor.] [† Duke of York Com. in Chief, British Army, Editor.] 2. The French so styled themselves in the beginning of the Revolution.

AN EXTEMPORE.

On hearing the death of Lord Nelson.

The muse reluctant drops a tear,—
  Britannia's sons suppress the smile,—
Fame tells of victory—won too dear—
  We mourn the Hero of the Nile.

Off Trafalgar, two fleets combined,
  Culled from the ports of France and Spain,
Brave Nelson beat, e'er he resigned
  His soul to Him Who formed the main.

The muse prophetic now declares,
  Their proud flotillas soon shall burn,—
Within their ports our gallant tars,
  Shall sacrifice them to his urn!

Yes! upstart tyrant! while you boast
  Your easy conquest of old Mack;
Britannia's sons shall sweep your coast,
  And prove how true "that ships you lack."

But say thou'st ships—where are the men,
  Who'll stand the British lion's roar?
When apes invade a lion's den
  Then you may land upon this shore!

ART AND NATURE.

Lines occasioned by having met the Nurse with an infant daughter of Sir J[ohn] J[ohnson, Bart.] in her arms, wrapt in a shawl.

The R. A.s Peter Pindar sung,
  Or rather lashed severely,
Were men, I could name some among,
  Deserving praise sincerely;
Sir Joshua Reynolds, Opie, West,
  For fine historic pieces;
For miniature, no doubt the best,
  Is where art most increases;—
Through Conway's works, the stroke of art
  Is seen in every feature;
But would Nurse know who can impart
  The loveliest tints of Nature?

Though Prior tuned of yore his lay,
  To praise Sir Godfrey Kneller;
It is not him, nor an R. A.—
  'Tis one I need not tell her.
In his own likeness, shown to all,
  The face excels all others;
Though part's concealed beneath that shawl,
  May be like his grandmother's!*

VERSES.

The following were hastily composed, on reading the report of Banaparte's striking the Russian Ambassador, for speaking in favor of the British subjects detained in France.—

I sing the man, whose like ne'er p—t,
Who beat Count Markoff with his fist,

[* Anne de Lancey, wife of Hon. John Watts, Senr. of New York, President of the King's Council of the Province, &c., who if the Crown had subdued the Rebellion would have been Lieutenant Governor and Acting Governor of New York, Editor.]

Ere he was entered on the list
For fame so sweet;
Like that Young Russian pugilist,
Whom Belcher beat.

At Petersburg, and at Moscow,
Say Bonaparte had dealt a blow,
And hit the Czar's grave Plenipo',
With all his might;
Would not the Ghost of Suwarrow
Stalk forth and fight?

What will the artful Talleyrand
Say for this lifting of the hand,
By one who has the sole command
Of all the French?
How make the Russians understand
He did but clench.?

No doubt, this Machiavellian sage
Will say, it was not done in rage—
That, in the way of *badinage*,
He meant to spar,—
For sure he could not wish to wage
With Russians war!

Yet, will not Alexander say,
He'll make the Consul rue such play,
When at the Thuilleries, in May,
His Plenipo',
Stood up for Briton's rights that day,
And got a blow;

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE;

Written when the Author commanded the Dumfries Volunteers

Napoleon threatened to invade,
But now that threat is laid aside,—

He cannot sail while we blockade,
Nor has he *Micromega's* (1) stride.
Rule Britannia,
Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

Balloons, like bubbles in the air,
Might burst and souse him in the sea;
If landed, he must still despair,
So list, Napoleon! list to me.

Should Hecate take thee o'er by night,
Both horse and foot, on brooms astride,
Know that our Volunteers would fight,
Until they cool a tyrant's pride.

Could you congeal the sea, to pass,
United every nerve we'd strain,—
Britannia's sons would rise *en masse*,
And beat you on the icy plain.

For India, should you e'er presume
To send you choicest troops by land,
They'd, as at *Maida*,* meet their doom,—
There, Britons too, would be at hand.

Or, should Gibraltar be your mark,
You there would just succeed as soon,
As when a *cur* sits down to bark,
Upon the rock, to bay the moon.

Mind what old Talleyrand advised,—
Keep free from England, Russia, Spain,—
Your troops shall there be sacrificed,
Few would return to France again.

On *Ultra Mundane* conquest fix,
And where the passage is not wide,
Let Charon row you cross the Styx,—
There set the prince of hell aside.

1. Of twenty-four leagues.—See Voltaire. [* 4th July, 1806, Stuart beat Regnier]

Then, discord in this world would cease,—
The *Bonapartes* all ceased to reign :
Fame will proclaim a general peace,—
A Bourbon mount the throne again.
Rule Britannia,
Britannia rule the main,
Place Bourbon on his throne again.

IMPROMPTU.—

On hearing of the death of the Marquis of Cornwallis.

Pitt, Nelson, and Cornwallis, dead!—
To Heaven three such spirits fled,
And Austria's banner furled,
For peace should not make Britons sue,
Who, to themselves, need but prove true,
And still defy the world!

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

Who so gloriously fell at Corunna.—Vide Gazette Extraordinary, of 24th January, 1809.

Yes; Moore like Wolfe was nobly slain
The enemy defeating;—
Wolfe, did immortal honor gain
Advancing—Moore, retreating!
On Ab'ram's heights, Wolfe smiling died
When victory was shouted,
And Moore, in Spain, died satisfied
When told the French were routed.

Similitude is here so just,
  That soon shall be erected,
A monument—to say Moore's dust,
  Like Wolfe's, should be respected.

A SONG.

Composed in a few minutes, whilst another person was reading the Courier of 31st July, 1811.

A wag late proposed an address—*le drole homme*,
To young Bonaparte, the baptised King of Rome,
  In a breech-clout and chin-bib so nice,
    Up jumped the senators of France,
    As if seized with St. Vitus' dance,
And hied to St. Cloud, where they prayed for ingress,
That they might present the young king their address,
  In his breech-clout and his chin-bib so nice.

Montmorenci read the address to the cradle,
And wiped the gold pap-spoon, as large as a ladle,
  On a dry clout or a chin-bib so nice;
    Then prophesied, the puling king
    Would thousands to the scaffold bring;
As he took up the pap, and restirred it about,
While nursey replaced his wet bib and wet clout,
    With a dry clout and a chin-bib so nice.

Some held his wet clouts, at the fire-side to dry,
And some joined her singing the king's lullaby,
  In his breech-clout and a chin-bib so nice;—
    Nurse took the king upon her knee.

And turned him up, that all might see
The part they so loyally longed for to kiss,
Which she had wiped clean, from what he'd done amiss,
In his breech-clout and a chin-bib so nice.

The lullaby'd monarch was soon put to sleep,
When all the grave senators closely did creep,
To his breech-clout and his chin-bib so nice;
On bended knee each took a smell,
That he the king's papa might tell,
How much it excelled the famed *odeur-de-rose*,
When it was snuffed up a grave senator's nose,
From a breech-clout and a chin-bib so nice.

EXTEMPORE.

On being informed that Major Bryce Maxwell, of the King's Regiment, was dead of the wound he received when leading on the regiment to the attack of a fort, at the taking of the Island of Martinique, on the 3d February, 1809.

Is Maxwell dead?—that cannot be,—
He still lives on the list of Fame;
In Holland, Denmark, Egypt, see
How he immortalized his name.
If, since at Martinique he fell,
And there awhile entombed must lie,
There, too, his deeds Fame's list shall swell,
While his pure soul ascends the sky.

THE SAUCY NAIAD. (1)

The fell Bonaparte, from his flotilla's port,
Sent out his black praams to engage a fair Maid,
And swore that his admiral's neck he'd distort,
If he did not bring in—the Saucy Naiad.

So cooly she took the red shot from his tower—
The nymph should no longer *ride* (2) there to blockade,
And now, in a calm, she would be in his power—
His praams could row out to—the Saucy Naiad.

With such rare instructions, the praams all broke ground,
Their carronades, cannon, and eagles display'd;
A pilot of skill, soon, in Boulogne was found
To take in (*when captured*)—the Saucy Naiad.

Napoleon, and Ney, to encourage the fight,
Embarked in a barge, with imperial parade—
The pregnant *Louisa* longed much for a sight
Of that English frigate—the Saucy Naiad.

Loud shouts, from the shore, when they'd broke ground, were heard,
Joy-bells rung in Boulogne, bonfires too were made,—
All eyed great Napoleon—while Napoleon *stared*
To see *Basti* (3) row out to the—Saucy Naiad.

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1 Commanded by Captain Cateret,—20th and 21st Sept., 1811.—Called *Saucy* by her crew. 2. At anchor, waiting for the attack. 3. The Admiral

But fate soon ordained that his admiral was beat,
His high soaring eagles, on deck were low laid ;
And, when the great Emperor saw him retreat,
He sign'd (1) to go back for the Saucy Naiad.

His commodore struck, too, and was made a prize,
To save his brave admiral, *as it is said* ;—
Should any suspect now, that I'm telling lies,
At Dover they'll see him moored by the Naiad.

The admiral, when questioned, replied, "Sire, but then
You never, till this time, have seen me afraid—
You sent me to fight with the bravest of men—
They're devils on board of that Saucy Naiad !"

Your praams are all shattered to such a degree,
That they'll want repairing before you invade ;
And I will take care, if you do not hang me,
How next I engage with the Saucy Naiad."

THE DOCK OF DUMFRIES.

Tune—"The Black Joke."

I've travelled this country from East to the West,
From North to the South, and of walks seen the best,
But no walk like the Dock of Dumfries ;—
'Tis there you'll see a sprightly lass,
Bleaching her linen on the grass,
Or dancing a tub-jig upon the Nith banks,
Where the local militia are marching in ranks,
To the "Black Joke," over daisies so white.

1. By causing the tower guns to fire into her.

Some take great delight on the Corberry-hill,—
The prospect is pleasing, seen from the wind-mill—
But no walk like the Dock of Dumfries;—
You see the fish flounce in the net—
The corn spring up—potatoes set—
Ships sailing—herds grazing,—along the Nith banks,
Where the local militia are marching in ranks,
To the "Black Joke," over daisies so white.

If down to the Kingholm, or New Quay you rove,
You hear the birds singing at sweet Mavis Grove,—
There's no walk like the Dock of Dumfries;—
What though you see the English side,—
Old Solway rolling in his tide,
And ready stript bathers plunge in from the banks,
Where the local militia are marching in ranks,
To the "Black Joke," over the daisies so white.

If e'er the French conscripts should land on this coast,
The local militia would so take their post,
They'd ne'er walk on the Dock of Dumfries;—
Protecting all that's dear to man,
Though Bonaparte should lead their van,
Extended, from column, we'd charge them in ranks,
Like geese, send them cackling, all down the Nith banks,
To the "Black Joke," over daisies so white.

Or should he send over his young King of Rome,
Our loyal tub-dancers would soon send him home.
Besudsed o'er from the Dock of Dumfries;—
And should they think such treatment *rough*,
We'd give them *polished steel* enough—
Like Graham of Balgowan, all down the Nith banks,
Our local militia should charge them in ranks,
To the "Black Joke," over daisies so white.

EXTEMPORE.

On hearing of the battle of Salamanca.

Let fame proclaim to Bonaparte,
His Marmont's sad defeat,
And so appal the tryant's heart
That he'll sound a retreat.

The Czar will now no battle shun,
But turn upon the foe,
And like th' immortal Wellington,
Strike a decisive blow.

The Swedes, the Danes, and Prussians all,
May follow up the stroke,
And every state, he doth enthral
Shake off the tyrant's yoke.

A PROLOGUE.

Written at a moment's notice, to be spoken by a gentleman in the character of Sharp, in the Lying Valet, for the benefit of the Poor House of Dumfries.

Though tired with the manœuvres of the day,
The generous soldier here attends the play.—
The play!—the *Lying Valet* is a farce,
To be performed to-night by sons of Mars;
Who little heed how ill their parts are cast,
So *Sharp* procures the poor a good repast:—
And yet it would be right to entertain

Our guests so numerous and so humane.
No pushing now for room, all bear a squeeze;
The more your neighbors crowd, the more they please.
Thou white-robed, nymph, fair Charity, descend,
Assist our stage, and to it be a friend.
Humanity! of virtues—thou the first,
Dost clothe and feed the poor, and quench their thirst.
Conspicuous here, in ranks, thou stand'st confessed,
The welcome inmate of each honest breast.
The prince, the patriot, statesman, magistrate,
Should ever harbour thee, thou blest inmate!
Then war and famine would no longer rage,
The world would soon renew its golden age,
And I'd no more speak prologues on the stage.
On you, ye fair, I need not this impress,
You're always ready to relieve distress:—
Before your alms are asked, the deed is done,
With purse in hand,—for pockets you wear none,
But I'll not criticise upon your dress,—
Before the poor should want—you'd e'en wear less.
To change the subject, then, come let us sing,—
Pray, strike up music, "God save George our King."

God save great George our King;
To health restore our King.
God save the King.
Make him victorious,
Happy as glorious,
Still to reign over us,
God save the King.
May the Prince Regent's care,
('Till God his health repair)
So do the thing
For Portugal and Spain,
That French attempts prove vain—
Their lawful kings soon reign,
Through George our King.

IMPROMPTU.

To a lady, on seeing her weep when she heard the account read of the death of her friend Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, who fell near Queenstown, North America.

I must not bid thee cease to weep,
Our mutual loss so great,
While my own eyes in tears I steep,
For Brock's untimely fate.

His soldiers—all—will doubtless rue,
Their loss of such a man ;—
Whose early fall, there proves how true,
He dauntless led the van.

I think I see each Indian Chief
In silence droop his head!
Expressive of his heartfelt grief
For friend, and soldier, dead!

Now, hear them whoop! and see them run
To where the hero lies,
Resolv'd to vent their rage upon
Great Britain's enemies.

Dumfries, Nov. 30th, 1812.

Written in consequence of having seen a piece of poetry in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier, signed Drumfrisiowskikoff.

Friend Drumfrisiowskikoff doubtless must know
Though *Boney* miss'd *glory*, he's *covered* with snow ;
And that no brave conscript needs now a pelisse,—
All covered with feathers—they'll fly like wild geese.
Derry down, down, &c.

His health is *a merveille*—his stomach not nice,—
He quaffs his French brandy,—all *covered* with ice,
Devours frozen venison, as hard as a stone,
Which like a starv'd blood-hound, he gnaws to the bone.
Derry down, &c.

All know how at Tilsit he got round the Czar,
But now that they're led by one skilful in war,
The young rugged Russians, at conscripts do scoff,
Who cry, "they're united all—to *Cut-us-off*."
Derry down, &c.

Which heard at the Kremlin, the tyrant did run,
In hopes, at Smolensko, all pursuit to shun,
But keen as fox-hunters, the Cossacks did track
His Marengo pony, and soon turned him back.
Derry down, &c.

Your *hemp*, is a hoax, sir! and so is your *cage*,
Such things are not practiced in this refined age:—
But Louisa dream'd that they'd bag'd her old fox,
And served him as Brabanters serve Breda cocks.
Derry down, &c.

And then, that they'd sent him on parole to France,
Where Talleyrand styled him "a man of romance,"
And how that she met him with grief in her heart,
When, sighing, she cried out, "alas! Bonaparte.'—
Derry down, &c.

"The conquered Italians, sir! made you a king!—
"Without mutilation—your cause had to sing;
"Then what could that Russian bear *Kut-us-off* mean,
"By sending you *warbling* back to a young queen.
Derry down, &c.

"Run pages, and seek for the young King of Rome,
"Hark!—tell him his papa, in *health* is come home,

"And that he'll soon see his dear uncle Murat,
"Whom Platow mistook for an old civet cat."
Derry down, &c,

The troops are home marching,—excepting all those
Who're covered with glory, or have frosted toes ;—
Beauharnois and Berthier, and Ney and Davoust,
Will show him his *papa's* invincible host.
Derry down, &c.

MAVISGROVIOUSKIKOFF.

THE INHOSPITABLE RUSSIAN.

Now I, brave Rostopchin, reflect
On deeds deserving fame,—
A *flame-cap't-pillar* (1) I'll erect,
In honor of your name :—
When told of an advancing foe,
From whom you should retire,—
You left the near consumed Moscow,
To set your house on fire.
Resolving thus within your mind,
That cold, succeeding heat,—
Where Bonaparte no house could find,
Would cause him to retreat.

BONAPARTE'S FLYING SPEECH.

Tune—"Welcome, welcome, Brother Debtor."

Come listen to my dismal story,
The like again you ne'er shall hear ;
I from the pinnacle of glory
Have fallen, and no one sheds a tear !

1. A pillar with a flame issuing from the entablature.

To Russia I led on an army,
As great as Xerxes led of old,
And never dreamed that ought could harm me,
Until my troops complained of cold.

To them I'd promised nter-quarters,
In that great cit of Moscow;
To ravish Russians' w es and daughters,
They forced the way knee-deep in snow.

Now fye upon sly A fander,
My proffered rms he would not hear,
Takes Cut-us-off as commander,
Who played vile *ruse de guerre.*

Reduced the city a o ashes!
Such treatm t from him was unkind;
This Russian gen l, no doubt, rash is;
I would t Czar was of my mind.

Though I've run ff and gained Smolensko,
And hope n time to reach Warsaw--
Which if I sho -Pray how from thence go
T' escap the vile *black eagle's* (1) claw?

Who with the *lion* now united,
(The prophesy must be fulfilled,)
To tear my heart will be delighted,
In search of all the blood I spilled:

But if my veins could hold an ocean,
They'd soon be drained to pay it all;
So, *Nick,* I'm all at your devotion!
No matter now how low I fall.

Dumfries, 19th Dec., 1812.

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1. Alluding to the remarkable prophecy in the possession of Lady Canwath, as published in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier of 4th August last.

Articles published in *United Service Magazine* (equal in matter to 12mo. volumes): Torstenson and the Battle of Janikau, July, 1879; Joshua and the Battle of Beth-horon—Did the Sun and Moon stand still? February, 1880; Hannibal, July, 1880; Gustavus Adolphus, Sept., 1880; Cavalry, I., Sept., 1880; Cavalry, II., Nov., 1880; Cavalry, III., Dec., 1880; Army Catastrophes—Destruction of Pharaoh and his host; how accomplished, &c., &c. February, 1881.—Hannibal's Army of Italy, Mar., 1881; Hannibal's Last Campaign, May, 1881; Infantry, I., June, 1881; Infantry, II., Aug., 1881; Battle of Eutaw Springs, 1781, Sept., 1881; Siege of Yorktown, 1781, Nov. 1881; Infantry, III, April, 1882; Waterloo, July, 1882; Vindication of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, Sept., 1882, Oct., 1882; From the Rapidan to Appomattox Court House, July, 1883.—Burgoyne's Campaign, July-Oct., 1777, and Appendix, Oct., 1883.—Life and Achievements of Field-Marshal Generalissimo Suworrow, Novembe December, 1883.—Biographical Sketch of Maj.-Gen. Andrew Atkinson Humphreys, U. S. A., March 4.—Address, Maj.-Gen. A. A. Humphreys, before the Third Army Corps Union, 5th May, 1884. haracter and Services of Maj.-Gen. A. A. Humphreys, U. S. A., Manhattan, N. Y., Monthly M zine, August, 1884.

Suggestions which laid the basis f he present admirable Paid Fire Department in the City of New York, in which, as well as i he Organization of the present Municipal Police of New York City, Gen. de Peyster was a c aborer with the Hon. Jas. W. Gerard, and G. W. Matsell, for which latter Department he ca d to be prepared and presented a Fire Escape, a model of simplicity and inestimable utility. published in the *New York Historical Magazine*. Supplement, Vol. IX., 1865. John G. S . Editor and Proprietor.

The Pearl of Pearls, or the "Wild nswicker" and his "Queen of Hearts;" a novel, founded on facts. 1865.—Mary Stuart: a St 1882; James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell: a Vindication, 1882; Bothwell and Mary Stuart Enquiry and a Justification. 1883.—Bothwell, an Historical Drama, 1884.—The Life and Milit Services of Sir John Johnson, Bart. 1882.—Notices and Correspondence of Col. A. S. de Pey nd Brig.-Gen. Sir John Johnson, Bart., during and after the American Revolution, 1776, &c. 1

State Sovereignty. 1861.—Life and S es of the great Russian Field-Marshal Suworrow. 1882.—La Royale, the Grand Hunt [or La Campaign of the Army of the Potomac], Nos. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., 1872; VII., 1873; VII 871.—Battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, in *Onward*, a monthly. 1 70.—And Gettysburg and Williamsport, in the *Soldiers' Friend*, a wee. y, 1870.—Col. J. W. le Peyster, Jr., U. S. V., A Threnody. 1874.—Sir John Johnson, Bart.: An Address delivere efore the N. Y. Historical Society, 6th Jan., 1880, with two voluminous . ppendices of Autho. s.

Centennial Sketches of the American Revo on, which appeared in the N. Y. *Times*, and especially in the N. Y. *Evening Mail*, and *Mail* and press. 1776-82.—Decisive Conflicts of the late Civil War or "Slaveholders' Rebellion:" I. Shiloh, tietam, &c., 1867; II. Murfreesboro to Chattanooga, &c., 1866; III. Gettysburg, 1867; IV. Nas , 1876.—Biographical notices of Major-Generals Philip Schuyler—Address delivered before th . Historical Society, 2d Jan., 1877; Geo. H. Thomas, (likewise two Addresses delivered on the same subject before the N. Y. Historical Society, 5th Jan. 1875, and Jan. 1876); also, of Bancroft, Burnside, Crawford, Heintzleman, Hooker, Humphreys, McAllister, Mahone, Meade, Edward mont, Pleasanton, Sickles, Tremaine, &c., &c.

The Battles of Monmouth and Capture of Stony Point: a series of voluminous and exhaustive articles published in the *Monmouth Enquirer* N. J., 1879.—Eclaireur (The), A Military Journal, Vols. II. and III., edited 1854-5.

History of the Third Corps, Army of the Potomac, 1861-65. This title, although not technically, is virtually correct, for in a series of elaborate articles in dailies, weeklies, monthlies, monographs, addresses, &c., everything relating to th rps, even to smallest details, from 1861 to 1865, was prepared with care, and put in print. These articles appeared in the *Citizen*, and the *Citizen and Round Table;* in *Foley's Volunteer*, and *Soldiers' and Sailors' Half-Dime Tales of the late Rebellion;* in Mayne Reid's magazine *Onward;* in Chaplain Bourne's *Soldiers' Friend;* in "*La Royale or Grand Hunt* [or the Last Campaign] *of the Army of the Potomac*, from Petersburg to Appomattox Court House, April 2-9, 1865," illustrated with engraved likenesses of several of the prominent Generals belonging to the corps, and careful maps and plans; in the life of Major-General Philip Kearny; in the "Third Corps at Gettysburg; General Sickles Vindicated" * * Vol. I., Nos. xi., xii., xiii. *The Volunteer;* in a Speech delivered before the Third Army Corps Union, 5th May, 1873, profusely illustrated with portraits of Generals who commanded, or belonged to that organization, &c. These arranged and condensed would constitute a work of five or six volumes 8vo., such as those prepared by Prof. John W. Draper, entitled the "Civil War in America," but were never given as bound volumes to the public, because the expense was so great that the author, who merely writes for credit and amusement, was unwilling to assume the larger outlay, in addition to what he had already expended on the purchase of authorities, clerk-hire, printing, &c., &c.